

FAIRE-VIRTVE,  
THE  
MISTRESSE  
OF  
PHILARETE.

Written by  
GEO. WITHER.



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Catol. Carin. xv.

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*nihil veremur  
Istos, qui in platea, modo huc, modo illuc  
in re praterent sua occupati.*

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FAIR ENITVE

THE

MISTRESS

PHOENIX

GEORGE W. B. B. B.



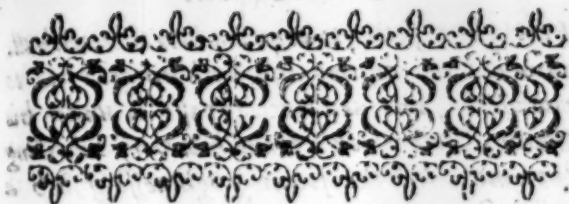
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# THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

**T**His being one of the Authors first Poems, was composed many yeeres agoe; and unknowne to him, gotten out of his custodie by an acquaintance of his. And comming lately to my hands without a Name, it was thought to have so much resemblance of the Maker, that many, upon the first sight, undertooke to guesse who was Author of it: And, perswaded that it was likely also, to become profitable both to them and me.

Whereupon, I got it authorized, according to Order: intending to publish it, without farther inquiry. But, attaining by chance a more perfect knowledge to whom it most properly belonged:

## To the Reader.

I thought it fitting to acquaint him therewithall. And did so; desiring also, both his good will to publish the same, and leave to passe it under his Name. Both which I found him very unwilling to permit; lest the seeming lightnesse of such a Subject, might somewhat disparage, the more serious Studies, which he hath since undertaken.

Yet, doubting (this being got out of his Custodie) some imperfecter Copies might hereafter be scattered abroad in writing, or, be, unknowne to him, imprinted: He was pleased (upon my importunities) to condescend that it might be published, without his Name. And his words were these.

“ When (said hee) I first composed it, I well liked thereof, and it well enough became my yeares: but now, I neither like, nor dislike it. That (therefore) it should be divulged, I desire not: and whether it be, or whether (if it happen so) it be approved or no, I care not. For this I am sure of: howsoever it be valued, it is worth as much as I prize it at: likely it is also to be as beneficiall to the World, as the World hath bene to me; and will be more then those who like it not, ever deserved at my hands.

These were his speeches: And (if you looked for a Prologue) thus much he wished mee to tell

## To the Reader:

you, instead thereof: because (as he said) hee himselfe had somewhat else to doe. Yet, (to acknowledge the truth) I was so earnest with him, that as busie as hee would seeme to be, I got him to write this Epistle for me: and have thereunto set my Name. Which, he wished me to confesse: Partly to avoid the occasion of belying my Invention, and partly because he thought some of you would suppose so much.

I entreated him to explain his meaning, in certaine obscure passages. But, he told mee, how that were to take away the employment of his Interpreters: Whereas he would purposely leave somewhat remaining doubtfull to see what Sir Politick Would be, and his Companions would picke out of it.

I desired him also, to set downe, to what good purposes, this Poeme would serve. But his reply was: How that would be well enough found out, in the perusing, by all such as had honest understandings: and they who are not so provided; he hopes will not read it. More I could not get from him.

Whether therefore, this Mitresse of Philarete, be really a Woman, shadowed under the name of Virtue: or Virtue onely, whose loveliness is represented by the Beauty of an excellent Woman: Or, whether ~~it~~ meane both together,

## To the Reader.

I cannot tell you. But, thus much I dare promise for your money; that here you shall finde familiarly expressed, both such Beauties as young men, are most intangled withall; and the excellency also of such, as are most worthy their affection. That, seeing both impartially set forth, by him that was capable of both, they might the better settle their love on the best.

Hereby also, those Women, who desire to be truly beloved, may know what makes them so to be. And seeke to acquire those accomplishments of the Minde, which may endear them, when the sweetest Features of a beautiful Face, shall be converted into Deformities. And here is described, that Loveliness of theirs, which is the principall object of wanton affection, to no worse end: but that those, who would never have lookt on this Poeme (if Virtue and Goodnelle had beene therein, no otherwise represented, then as they are objects of the Sould) might, where they expected the satisfaction of their sensualitie onely; meet with that also, which would insinuate into them, an apprehension of more reasonable, and most excellent perfections. Yea, whereas the common opinion of Youth hath been; that, onely old men, and such as are unable, or past delighting in a bodily loveliness, are those who are best capable

of

To the Reader:

*of the Mindes perfections: And that they doe therefore so much preferre them before the other; because their Age or Stupiditie hath deprived them of being sensible what pleasures they yeeld. Though, this be the vulger error; yet here it shall appeare, that he, who was able to conceive the most excellent pleasingnesse, which could bee apprehended in a Corporall Beautie; found it (even when he was most enamour'd with it) farre short of that unexpressible sweetnesse, which hee discovered in a vertuous and well-tempered Disposition. And if this be not worth your money, keepe it.*

JOHN MARRIOT.



## PHILARETE TO HIS MISTRESSE.

**H***Aile*, thou fairest of all Creatures,  
Vpon whom the Sun doth shine :  
*Model* of all rarest Features,  
And perfections most diuine.

Thrice *All haile*: And blessed be  
Those that love and honour thee.

Of thy worth, this rurall Storie,  
Thy unworthy Swaine hath pend :  
And, to thy ne're-ending glory,  
These plaine *Numbers* doth commend.

Which, ensuing Times shall warble,  
When 'tis lost, that's writ in Marble.

Though thy praise and high deservings  
Cannot all, be here exprest :  
Yet, my love, and true-observings,  
Someway, ought to be profest.

And, where greatest love we see,  
Highest things attempted be.

By

By thy *Beautie*, I have gained,  
To behold, the best perfections:  
By thy *Love*, I have obtained,  
To enioy the best affections.

And my tongue to sing thy praise,  
*Love*, and *Beautie*, thus doth raise.

What, although in rusticke shaddowes,  
I, a Shepheards breeding had?  
And, confined to these Meadows;  
So, in home-spun Ruffet clad?  
Such as I, have now and then,  
Dar'd as much, as greater men.

Though a stranger to the *Muses*,  
Young, obscured, and despis'd:  
Yet, such *Art*, thy Love infuses,  
That, I, thus, have Poetiz'd.  
Read, and be content to see,  
Thy admired Power in me.

And, oh grant, thou *Sweetest Beautie*,  
(Wherewith ever Earth was grac't)  
That this Trophee of my Dutie,  
May with Favour be imbrac't:  
And disdaine not, in these *Rymes*,  
To be sung, to after-Times.

Let

Let those doters on *Apello*,  
That adore the *Muses* so,  
(And, like Geese, each other follow)  
See, what Love alone, can doe.  
For, in *Love-layes*; Grove, and Field;  
Nor to Schooles, nor Courts will yeeld.

On this Glasse of thy perfection,  
If that any *Women* pry;  
Let them thereby take direction,  
To adorne themselves thereby.  
And, if ought amisse they view,  
Let them dresse themselves anew.

*Young men*, shall by this, acquainted  
With the truest *Beauties* grow :  
So, the Counterfeit, or painted,  
They may shun, when them they know.  
But the *Way*, all will not find :  
For, some eyes have, yet are blind.

Thee, entirely, I have loved,  
So, thy *Sweetnesse*, on me wrought;  
Yet, thy *Beautie* never mooved,  
Ill temptations, in my thought,  
But, still did thy *Beauties* Ray,  
Sun-like, drive those Foggs away.

Those



Those, that MISTRESSES are named,  
And for that, suspected be;  
Shall not need to be ashamed,  
If they patterne take by thee.  
Neither shall their SERVANTS feare,  
Favours, openly to weare.

Thou, to no man favour dainest,  
But what's fitting to bestow;  
Neither, Servants entertainest,  
That can ever wanton grow.  
For, the more they looke on thee,  
Their *Desires* still bettered be.

This, thy *Picture*, therefore show I  
Naked unto every eye.  
Yet, no feare of *Rivall* know I,  
Neither touch of *iealousie*.  
For, the more make love to thee,  
I the more shall pleased be.

I, am no *Italian* Lover,  
That will mew thee in a Iayle;  
But, thy *Beautie* I discover,  
*Englisb*-like, without a vaile.  
If, thou mayst be wonne away;  
Winne and weare thee, he that may.

Yet,

Yet, in this thou mayest beleeeve me;  
(So indifferent though I seeme)  
Death with tortures would not grieve mee,  
More then losse of thy esteeme,  
For, if **VIRTV**E me forsake;  
All, a scorne of me will make.

Then, as I on Thee relying,  
Doe no changing, feare in Thee :  
So, by my defects supplying,  
From all changing, keepe thou me.  
That, unmatched we may prove  
Thou, for, *Beautie*; I, for *Love*.

Then, while their Loves, are forgotten,  
Who to Pride, and Lust were slaves;  
And, their *Mistresses* quite rotten,  
Lye unthought on, in their graves.  
Kings and Queenes (in their despight)  
Shall, to mind us, take delight.

FAIRIE.

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# FAIRE-VIRTVE:

OR,

THE MISTRESSE OF

PHILARETE.

**T**wo pretty Rills doe meet, and meeting make;  
Within one vally, a large silver lake:  
About whose bankes the fertile mountaines flood,  
In ages passed bravely crownd with wood;  
Which landing Cold sweet shadows, gave it grace,  
To be accounted Cynthia's Bathing place.  
And from her father Neptunes brackish Court,  
Faile Thetis thither often would resort,  
Attended by the Fishes of the Sea,  
Which in those sweeter waters came to p'ea  
There, would the daughter of the Sea-God dive;  
And thither came the Land-Nymphs every Eve,  
To wait upon her: bringing for her brows,  
Rich garlands of sweet flowers, and Beechy boughs.

For,

## THE MISTRESSE

For, pleasant was that Poole; and neere it, then,  
 Was neither rotten M<sup>a</sup>sh, nor boggy Fen.  
 It was not overgrowne with boystrous Sedge,  
 Nor grew there rudely then along the edge,  
 A bending Willow, nor a prickly Bush,  
 Nor broad-leaf'd Flag, nor Reed, nor knotty Rush.  
 But here, well order'd was a grove with Bowers.  
 Threë grassy plots (set round about with Flowers.  
 Here, you might (through the water) see the land,  
 Appeare, strow'd o're with white or yellow sand.  
 Yonn, deeper was it; and the winde by whiffes.  
 Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffes,  
 On which, oft pluming Jare (unfrighted ibar)  
 The gagling Wildgoose, and the snow white Swan:  
 With all those flockes of Fowles, which to this day,  
 Vpon those quiet waters breed, and play.

For, though those excellences wanting be,  
 Which once it had; it is the same, that we  
 By transposition name the Ford of Aile,  
 And out of which along a Chalky Marle,  
 That River trils, whose waters wash the Forr,  
 In which brave Arthur kept his royall Court.  
 North-east (not far from this great Poole) there lies  
 A tract of Beechy mountaines, that arise  
 With leasurely ascending to such height,  
 As from their tops the wauke Ile of Wight  
 You in the Oceans bosome may espie,  
 Though neere two hundred furlongs thence it lie:  
 The pleasant way, as up those hills you clime,  
 Is strow'd o're, with Marjorome and Thyme.  
 Which growes in set. The hedge rowes do not want  
 The Cornfl.p, Violet, Primrose, nor a Plant,  
 That fresh y<sup>e</sup> scenis. as Birch both Greene and tall,  
 Low Sallowes, on whose bloomings Bees doe fall.

## OF PHILARETE.

Faire Woodbinds, which about the hedges twine;  
Smooth Priver, and the sharpe-sweet Eglantine.  
With many more, whose leaves and blossomes faire,  
The Earth adorne, and oft perfumes the ayre.

When you unto the highest doe asaine;  
An intermixture both of Wood and Plaine,  
You shall behold: which (though aloft it lye)  
Hath downes for sheepe, and fields for husbandry.  
So much (at least) as little needeth more,  
If not enough to merchandize their store.

In every Rowe hath Nature planted there,  
Some banquet, for the hungry passenger.  
For here, the Hasle nut and Filbird grow: s;  
There Bulloes, and a little further Sloes.  
On this hand standeth a faire wilding tree;  
On that, large thickets of blacke Cherries be!  
The shrubbie fields, are Raspice Orchards there,  
The new fel'd woods, like Strabery gardens are :  
And, had the King of Rivers blest those hills  
With some small number of such pretty Rills  
As flow elswhere, Arcadia had not scene  
A sweeter plot of Earth then this had beene.

For what offence this Place was santed so  
Of springing waters, no record doth show :  
Nor have they old tradition left, that tels;  
But till this day, at fiftie fathome Wells  
The Shepheards drink And strange it was to heare  
Of any Swaine that ever lived there,  
Who either in a Pastorall Ode had skill,  
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill:  
For, rude they were who there inhabited,  
And to a dull contentment being bred,  
They no such art esteem'd, nor tooke much heed  
Of any thing the world without them aid.

# THE MISTRESS

Ev'n there; and in the least frequented place  
 Of all these mountaines, is a little space  
 Of pleasant ground hand in with dropping trees,  
 And those so thicke, that Phœbus scarcely sees  
 The earth they grow on once in all the yeere,  
 Nor what is done among the shadowes there,  
 Along those lovely pathes (where never came  
 Report of Pan, or of Apollo's name,  
 Nor rumor of the Muses, till of late)  
 Some Nymphs were wandring, and by chance or Fate,  
 Upon a Laund arrived, where they met  
 The little flocke of Pastor Philaret.  
 They, were a troupe of Beauties knowne well nigh  
 Through all the Plaines of happy Britanny.  
 A Shepherds lad was he, obscure and young,  
 Who (being first that ever there had sung)  
 In homely Verse, exprest Country loves;  
 And onely told them to the Betchy groves:  
 As if to sound his name he never ment,  
 Beyond the compasse that his Sheep walke went.

They saw not him, nor him perceived he:  
 For, in the cranches of a Maple-tree  
 He shrouded fate, and taught the hollow hill  
 To Echo forth the Musique of his quill:  
 Whose rattling voyce redoubled for the sound  
 That where he was conceald, they quickly found.  
 And there, they heard him sing a Madrigall;  
 That soone betrayed his coming to them all.

Full rinde it was no doubt, but such a Song,  
 Those rusticks, and obscured shades among,  
 Was never heard (they say) by any eare;  
 Untill his Muses had inspir'd him there:  
 Though meane and plain, his Country habit seem'd,  
 Yet by his Song the Ladies rightly deem'd,

That

## OF PHILARETE.

That either he had travailed abroad,  
Where Swaines of better knowledge make abode:  
Or else, that some brave Nymph, who us'd that Grove,  
Had dained to enrich him with her love.

Approaching nearer, therefore to this Swaine,  
They him saluted; and he them againe;  
In such good fashion, as well seemd to be  
According to their state and his degree.  
Which greetings, being passed, and much chat,  
Concerning him, the place, with this and that;  
He, to an Arbor doth those beauties bring;  
Where, he them prays to sit, they him to sing:  
And to expresse that untaught Country Art,  
In setting forth the Mistress of his hart;  
Which they o'reheard him practise, when unseene,  
He thought no eare had of it witnesse been.

As first (as much unable) he refus'd,  
And seemea willing to have been excus'd,  
From such a task. For, trust me Nymphs (quoth he)  
I would not purposely uncivill be,  
Nor churlish in denying what you crave;  
Eare, as I hope Great Pan my stocke will save,  
I rather wish, that I might heare of none,  
Envy my Musicke by my self alone:  
Or, that the murmurs of some little Floud  
(loynd with the friendly Echoes of the wood)  
Might be th'impartiall V'mpires of my wit,  
Then vent it, where the world might heare of it.  
And doubtlesse, I had sung lesse loud while-ere,  
Had I but thought of any such so neer.  
Not that I either wish obscurifide,  
For matchlesse Beauty; or desire to hide  
Her sweet perfections. For, by Love I sweare,  
The utmost happinesse that I ayme at here,

## THE MISTRESSE

It but to compass with enough to raise  
A high-built Irophee equall with her praise.  
Whub (fairest Ladies) I shall hope in vaine :

For, I was meanly bred in yonder plaine.  
And, though I can well prove my Bloud to be  
Deriv'd from no ignoble Stems to me :  
Yet Fate and Time them so obscur'd and crost,  
That with their Fortunes, their esteeme is lost.

And whatsoere repete I strive to win,  
Now, from my selfe alone, it must begin.  
For, I have nor estate, nor friends, nor fame,  
To purchase either credit to my name,  
Or gains a good Opinion; though I doe  
Ascend the height I shall aspire unto.

If any of those virtues yet I have,  
Which honour to my Predecessours gave,  
Ther's all that's left me. And though some contemne  
Such needy Jewels; yet it was for them  
My Faire-one did my bumble suit affect,  
And dained my adventurous love respect.  
And by their helpe, I passage hope to make  
Through such poore things as I dare undertake.

But, you may say; what goodly things, alas !  
Can my despised meannesse bring to passe ?  
Or what great Monument of honour raise  
To Virtue, in these Vice abandoning dayes ?  
In which (a thousand times) more honour finds,  
Ignoble gotten meanes, than noble minds ?  
Indeed, the world offoordeth small reward  
For honest minds; and therefore her regard  
I seeke not after : neither doe I care,  
If I have blisse, how others thinke I fare.  
For, so my thoughhs have rest, it yrkes not me,  
Though none but I, doe know how blist they be.

Here



## OF PHILARTE.

Here therefore, in these groves and bidden plains;  
 I pleased sit alone; and many straines  
 I carroll to my selfe, these hills among:  
 Where no man comes to interrupt my Song.  
 Whereas, if my rude layes make knowne I should,  
 Beyond their home; perhaps, some Carpers would  
 (Because they have not heard from whence they be)  
 Traduce, abuse, and scoffe both them and me.  
 For, if our great and learned Shepheards (who  
 Are grac't with wit, and fame, and favours to,)  
 With much adoe, escape uncensur'd may;  
 What hopes have I to passe unscot? I pray,  
 Who yet unto the Muses am unknowne?  
 And live unhonoured, here among mine owne?

A gadding humour seldom taketh me,  
 To range out further then yon mountaines be:  
 Nor hath applausive Rumour borne my name  
 Vpon the spreading wings of sounding Fame:  
 Nor can I thinke (saire Nymphs) that you resort  
 For other purpose, then to make a sport  
 At that simplicitie which shall appeare  
 Among the rude untutor'd Shepheards here.

I know that you my Noble Mistresse weene  
 At best, a homely Milk maid on the Green;  
 Or some such Country Lasse, as tasked staves  
 At servile labour untill Holy dayes.  
 For, poore mens vertues so neglected grow,  
 And are now prized at a rate so low.  
 And 'tis impossible, You should be brought,  
 To let it with beleefe possesse your thought,  
 That any Nymph, whose love might worthy be;  
 Would daigne to cast respectiue eye on me.

You see I live, possessing none of those  
 Gay things, with which the world enamour'd grows.

## THE MISTRESSE

To woo a Courtly Beautie; I have neither  
 Rings, Bracelets, Jewels, nor a Scarfe, nor Feather.  
 I use no double dyed Cloath to weare;  
 No Scrip embroyaered richly do I beare :  
 No silken Belt, nor Sheepshooke layd with pearles,  
 To win me favour from the Shepheards Girles.  
 No place of office, or command I keep,  
 But this my little flocke of homely sheep.  
 And in a word; the summe of all my self  
 Is this; I am the Master of my self.

No doubt, in Courts of Princes you have been,  
 And all the pleasures of the Palace seen.  
 There, you beheld brave Courtly passages,  
 Betwixt Heroës and their Mistresses.  
 You, there perhaps (in presence of the King)  
 Have heard his learned Bards and Poets sing.  
 And what contentment then, can wood, or field,  
 To please your curious understandings yeeld?  
 I know, you walked hither, but to prove,  
 What silly Shepheards doe conceive of love :  
 Or to make triall how our simplenesse  
 Can passions force, or Beauties power expresse:  
 And when you are departed, you will loy,  
 To laugh, or descant on the Shepheards boy.

But yet (I vow) if all the Art I had  
 Could any more esteem, or glory add  
 To be unmatched worth; I could not weigh  
 What you intended. Prethee lad, quoth thy,  
 Distrustfull of our Courttesie do not seem.  
 Her Noblenesse can never want esteeme;  
 Nor thy concealed Measures be disgrac't,  
 Though in a meaner person they were plac't :  
 If thy too modestly reserved Quill,  
 But reach that height, which we suppose it will.

Thy

# OF PHILARTE

The meannesse or obscurenesse cannot wrong,  
 The Nymph thou shalt eternize in thy Song.  
 For, as it higher reares thy glory, that  
 A noble Mistrisse thou hast aymed at:  
 So, more unto her honour it wil prove,  
 That whilst deceiving shadowes others move,  
 Her constant eyes, could passe unmoved by,  
 The subtil times bewitching bravery;  
 And those obscured virtues love in thee,  
 That with despised meannesse clouded be.  
 Now then, for her sweet sake, whose Beautious eye  
 Hath filled thy soule with heav'nly Poesie,  
 Sing in her praise some new inspired strain:  
 And, if within our power there shall remaine,  
 A favour to be done may pleasure thee:  
 Aske, and obtain it, what so ere it be.

Faire Ladies, quoth the lad, such words as these,  
 Compell me can: and, therewithall be rose;  
 Return'd them thanks, obeisance made, and then,  
 Down sat again, and thus to sing began.

E 4

You

# THE MISTRESSE,

YOU, that at a blush can tell,  
Where the best perfections dwell;  
And the substance can conjecture,  
By a shadow, or a Picture:  
Come, and try, if you by this;  
Know my *Mistresse*, who she is.

For, though I am farre unable  
Here to match *Apelles* table,  
Or draw *Zruxes*, cunning Lines,  
Who so painted *Bacchus* Vines,  
That the hungry Birds did muster;  
Round the counterfeited Cluster.  
Though, I vaunt not to inherir,  
*Petrarches*, yet unequal *dispirits*,  
Nor to quaffe the sacred *well*,  
Halfe so deepe as *Astrophill*:  
Though, the much commended *Celia*,  
Lovely *Laura*, *Stella*, *Delia*,  
(Who in former times excell'd)  
Live in Lines unparaled;  
Making us beleewe 'twere much,  
Earth should yeeld another such:

Yet, assisted but by Nature,  
I assay to paint a Creature,  
Whose rare worth, in future yeeres,  
Shall be pray'd, as much as theirs:  
Nor let any thinke amisse,  
That I have presumed this:  
For, a gentle *Nymph* is she,  
And hath often honor'd me.  
Shee's a noble sparke of light,  
In each part, so exquisit,

Had

# OF PHILARETE

Had she in times passed beene,  
They had made her beauties *Queene*;

Then, shall cowardly despaire,  
Let the most unblemisht *faire*,  
For default of some poore Art  
(Which her favour may impart)  
And the sweetest Beauty fade,  
That was ever borne or made?  
Shall, of all the *faire ones*, she

Onely so unhappy be;  
As to live in such a Time,  
In so rude, so dull a Clime,  
Where no spirit can ascend  
High enough, to apprehend  
Her unprized excellencie,  
Which lies hid from common sense?

Never shall a stain so vile,  
Blemish this, our *Poets Ile*.

I my selfe, will rather runne,  
And seeke out for *Helicon*.

I, will wash, and make me cleane,  
In the waves of *Hippocrene*:

And in spight of Fortunes barres,  
Climbe the *Hill* that braves the *starres*,

Where, if I can get no *Muse*  
That will any skill infuse,

(Or my just attempt prefer)

I will make a *Muse* of *Her*:

Whose kind heat shall soone distill,  
*Art*, into my ruder quill.

By her favour, I will gaine

Helpe, to reach so rare a *Straint*:

That the learned *Hills* shall wonder,

How the untought vallies under,

# THE MISTRESSE

Met with Raptures so divine,  
Without knowledge of the Name,

I, that am a Shepherds Swaine,  
Piping on the lowly plaine,  
And no other Musique can,  
Then what learn'd I have of Pan.

I, who never sung the *Layes*,  
That deserve *Apollo's* bayes,  
Hope not only, here to frame,  
*Measures*, which shall keep Her name  
From the spight of wasting Times,  
But (enshrin'd in sacred Kimes)

Place her, where her forme divine,  
Shall to after ages shine:  
And without respect of Odds,  
Vye renowne with *Demy-Gods*.

Then, whilst of her praise I sing,  
Harken, *Vally, Grove, and Spring*;  
Listen to me sacred *Fountaines*,  
Solitary *Rocks* and *Mountaines*:

*Satyres*, and you wanton *Elves*,  
That doe nightly sport yourselves.

*Shepherds*, you that on the *Reede*,  
Whistle while your lambs doe feed:

Aged *Woods*, and *Flouds*, that know,  
What hath been long times agoe.

Your more serious *Notes* among,  
Heare, how I can in my *Song*.

Set a *Nymphs* perfection forth:  
And, when you have heard her worth:

Say, if such another *Lasse*,  
Ever knowne to mortall was.

Listen *Lordings*, you that most  
Of your outward honours boast:

And

## OF PHILARETE.

And you Gallants; that thinke scorne,  
We to lowly fortunes borne,  
Should attaine to any graces,  
Where, you looke for sweet embraces,

See, if all those vanities,  
Whereon your affection lies.  
Or the Titles, or the power  
By your Fathers vertues your,  
Can your Mistresses enshrine,  
In such state, as I will mine:  
Who am forced, to importune  
Favours, in despite of Fortune.

Beauties listen; chiefly you,  
That yet know not *Virtues* due.  
You, that thinke there are no sports,  
Nor no honours but in Courts.

(Though of thousands there lives not  
Two, but dye and are forgot:)

See, if any *Palace* yeelds  
Ought more glorious, then the *Fields*.

And consider well, if we  
May not as high flying be  
In our thoughts, as you that sing  
In the Chambers of a King

See; if our contented minds,  
Whom *Ambition* never blinds;

(We, that clad in home-spun gray,  
On our owne sweet Meadows play)

Cannot honour (if we please)  
Where we list as well as these,

Or as well of worth approve,  
Or with equall passions love.

See, if beauries may not touch  
Our soone-loving hearts as much:

Or

## THE MISTRESSE

Or our services effect  
Favours, with a true respect  
In your good conceits to rise,  
As our painted Butterflies.

And you *Fairest* give her roome,  
When your Sexes pride doth come:  
For that Subject of my song,  
I invoke these Groves among,  
To be witnesse of the Layes,  
Which I carroll in her praise.  
And because she soone will see,  
If my *Measures* faultie be;  
Whilst I chaunt them, let each *Rime*  
Keepe a well proportion'd time:  
And with straines that are divine,  
Meet her thoughts in every line.  
Let each accent there, present  
To her Soule a new contents;  
And, with ravishings so ceaze her,  
She may feele the height of pleasure.

You enchanting *spells*, that lye  
Lurking in sweet *Poesie*:  
(And to none else will appeare,  
But to those that worthy are)  
Make *Her* know there is a power  
Ruling in these *Charmes* of your;  
That transcends (a thousand heights)  
Ordinary mens delights:  
And can leave within her brest,  
Pleasures, not to be exprest.  
Let her linger, on each straine,  
As if she would heare't againe;  
And were loth to part from thence,  
Till she had the quintessence,

Out



## OF PHILARETE.

Our of each conceit shee meers,  
And had stor'd her with those sweets,

Make her, by your Art to see:  
I, that am her Swaine, was he,  
Vnto whom all beauties here,  
Were alike, and equall deare.  
That I could of freedome boast,  
And of favours with the most:

Yet, now (nothing more affecting)  
Sing of *Her*, the rest neglecting;

Make her heart, with full compassion,  
Iudge the merit of true passion;  
And, as much my love prefer,  
As I strive to honor *Her*.

Lastly; you that will (I know)  
Heare me, wh'ere you should or no.  
*You*, that seeke to turne all Flowers,  
By your breaths infectious powers,  
Into such ranke lothsome weedes,  
As your dunghill nature breeds.  
Let your hearts be chaste, or here  
Come not, till you purge them cleare.  
Marke; and marke then, what is worst:  
For, what ere it seeme at first;  
If you bring a modest minde,  
You shall nought immodest finde

Bur, if any too severe,  
Hap to lend a partiall eare;  
Or, out of his blindnesse yawne,  
Such a word, as *Oh prophane*:  
Let him know thus much from me,  
If here's ought prophane, tis he;  
Who applies these excellences,  
Onely to the touch of senses:

And,

# THE MISTRESSE

And, dimm sighted, cannot see  
Where the soule of this may bee.

Yet, that no offence may grow,  
'Tis their choice, to stay, or goe,  
Or, if any for despight,  
Rather comes, then for delight.  
For his presence I'll not pray,  
Nor his absence: come he may.  
Criticks shall admittéd be,  
Though I know they'll carp at me.  
For I neither feare nor care,  
What in this, their censures are.

If the *Verse* here used, be  
Their dislike; it liketh me.

If my Methode they decide,  
Let them know Love is *not* tide.  
In his free Discourse, to chuse  
Such strict rules, as Arts men use.  
These may prate of Love, but they  
Know him not: for He will play  
From the matter, now and then,  
Off and on, and off agen.

If this Prologue tedious seeme,  
Or the rest too long they deeme:  
Let them know, my love they win,  
Though they goe ere I begin,  
Iust as if they should attend me,  
Till the last, and there commend me.  
For, I will for no mans pleasure  
Change a Syllable or measure:  
Neither for their praises adde  
Ought to mend what they thinke bad:  
Since it never was my funion,  
To make worke of Recreation.

*Polanus*

# OF PHILARETES

*Pedants* shall not tye my *Braines* not all *conscience*  
 To our *Antique Poets* vaines; but *eloquence* is *concluded*  
 As if we, in latter dayes, *is* on *that* *not* *engod* *liver*  
 Knew to love, but not to praise, *but* *not* *that* *that* *that*  
 Being borne as free as these, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 I will sing, as I shall please; *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 Who, as well new paths may run, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 As the best before have done; *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 I disdain to make my Song; *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 For their pleasures short or long. *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 If I please I'll end it here, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 If I list I'll sing this yeere. *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 And, though none regard of it, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 By my selfe I pleas'd can sit, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 And, with that contentment cheere me, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 As it halfe the world I did heare me. *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*

But because I am assured; *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 All are either so conjured, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 As they will my Song attend, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 With the patience of a friend; *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 Or (at least) take note, that I *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 Care not much; now willingly *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 I these goodly colours lay, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 Wind nor Raine shall weare away. *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 But retaine their purest glasse, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 When the Statutes made of brasse; *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 For some Princes more renowne, *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 Shall be wholly overthrowne: *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 Or (consum'd with cankred rust) *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*  
 Lie neglected in the dust. *but* *that* *that* *that* *that* *that*

And my Reason gives d rection,  
 (When I sing of such pe fection)  
 First, those beauties to declare,  
 Which (though hers) without her are.

To

## THE MISTRESSE

To advance her fame, I find,  
Those are of a triple kind.  
Priviledges she hath store;  
At her birth, since and before;  
From before her birth, the fame,  
She of high descents may claime;  
(Whose wel-gotten honours, may  
Her deserving more display)  
For, from heavenly race she springs,  
And from high and mighty Kings,

At her birth; she was by Fate  
In those *Parents* fortunate,  
Whose estates and virtues stood,  
Answerable to their blood.

Then, the *Nation, Time, and Place*,  
To the rest may adde some graces  
For the *People*, with the *Clime*,  
And the fashions of the time;  
(In all which she hath been blest,  
By enjoying them at best)  
Doe not onely mend the features,  
But oft times make better natures.  
Whereas, those who hap not so,  
Both deform'd, and ruder grow.

In those *Climes*, and latter daies,  
To deserve sweet Beauties praise,  
(Where so many females dwell,  
That each seemeth to excell)  
In more glory twenty fold,  
Then it was in dayes of old,  
When our ordinary *Faire ones*  
Might have been esteemed rare ones;  
And have made a subject fir,  
For their bravest *Poets* wit.

Little

# OF PHILARETE.

Little Rush lights, or a sparke,  
Shineth fairely in the darke:  
And to him occasion gives  
That from sight of lesser lives,  
To adore it: yet the Ray  
Of one Torch will take away  
All the light of twenty more,  
That shin'd very well before.  
So, those petty Beauties, which  
Made the times before us rich;  
Though but sparkles seem'd a flame,  
Which hath been increast by Fame,  
And their true affections, who  
Better never liv'd to know.  
Whereas, her if they had seene,  
She had sure adored beene,  
And taught Ages past, to sing  
Sweeter in their Sonnetting.

Such a Ray, so cleare, so bright,  
Had out-shined all the light,  
Of a thousand such as theirs,  
Who were then esteemed Starres;  
And would have enlightned, neere  
Halfe the worlds wide Hemisphere.  
She is fairest, that may passe  
For a faire one, where the Lasse  
Trips it on the Country greene,  
That may equall *Spartas* Queene.  
Where (in every streetyou see)  
Throngs of *Nymphs* and Ladies be,  
That are faire enough to move  
*Angels*; and enamour *Iove*.  
She must matchlesse features bring,  
That now mooves a *Muse* to sing,

When

# THE MISTRESSE

When as one small *Province* may  
Shew more Beauties in a day,  
Then the halfe of *Europe* could,  
Breed them in an age of old:  
Such is she, and such a lot  
Hath her rare perfection got.

Since her birth, to make the colour  
Of fortune a Beautie full;  
And to give a better grace  
To that sweetnesse in the face:  
She, hath all the furtherance had,  
Noble educations add.  
And not onely knoweth all,  
Which our Ladies, Courtship call;  
With those knowledges, that doe  
Grace her sex, and lure thereto:  
But she hath attain'd to find,  
(What is rare with womankind)  
Excellencies, whereby she  
May in soule delighted be;  
And reape more contentment, than  
One of twenty thousand can.

By this meanes, hath better'd bin,  
All without her, and within;  
For, it hath by adding Arts,  
To adorne her native parts,  
Raised to a noble flame,  
(Which shall lighen forth her fame)  
Those deare sparkes of sacred fire,  
Which the *Muses* did inspire  
At her birth: that she compleat  
Might with them be fit a tear.

But, perhaps I doe amisse,  
To insist so long on this:

These

# OF PHILARETE.

These are superficial things;  
 And but slender shadowings,  
 To the worke I have in hand  
 Neither can you understand,  
 What her excellence may be,  
 Till *her selfe* describ'd you see.  
 Nor can mine, or any penn,  
 Paint her halfe so louely then,  
 As she is indeed. For here  
 Might those *Deities* appeare,  
 Which young *Paris* view'd, at will,  
 Naked upon *Ida* hill;  
 That I from those three might take,  
 All their beauties One to make  
 (Those, no question well compact,  
 Would have made up one exact)  
 Something yet, we misse of might,  
 To expresse her sweetnesse right,  
*Juno's* maiestie would fit;  
*Venus* beauty, *Pallas* wit:  
 Might have brought to patterne hers,  
 In soue shew'd particulars.  
 But, they never can expresse  
 Her whole frame or worthinesse:  
 With those excellences, which  
 Make both soule and body rich.  
*Pallas* sometimes was untoward,  
*Venus* wanton, *Juno* froward:  
 Yes, all three infected were,  
 With such faults as women are.  
 And, though falsely *Deifi'd*,  
 Fraillies had, which shee'le deride.  
 By *her self*, must therefore she,  
 Or by nothing pattern'd be.

And

# THE MISTRESSE

And I hope to paint her so,  
 By *her self*; that you shall know,  
 I have ser'v'd no common *Dame*,  
 Of meane worth, or vulgar fame,  
 But a *Nymph* that's fairer than,  
 Pen or Pencill, portraite can.  
 And to morrow if you stay  
 Backe againe this uncooth way:  
 I my simple Art will show:  
 But, the time prevents me now.  
 For, except at yonder glade,  
 All the Land is under shade,  
 That, before these Ewes be told,  
 Those my Weathers in the fold,  
 Ten young Wainlings driven downe  
 To the Well beneath the Towne;  
 And my Lambkins changed from  
 Brome leaze, to the Mead at home:  
 'Twill be faire in night: and so  
 I shall make my father woe  
 For my stay, and be in feare  
 Some what is mischanced here.  
 On your way, I'll therefore bring you,  
 And a Song or two I'll sing you,  
 Such as I (halfe in despaire)  
 Made when first I woo'd my *Faire*:  
 Whereunto my Boy shall play,  
 That my voyce assist it may,

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# OF PHILARETE.

## I

**C**ome my Muse, if thou disdaine,  
All my comforts are bereft me;  
No delight doth now remaine,  
Inor friend, nor flocke have left me,  
They are scattered on the plaine.

(Men, alas) are too severe,  
And make scoffes at Lovers Fortunes;  
Women, hearted like the Beare,  
That regards not who importunes,  
But, doth all in pieces teare.

If I should my sorrowes show  
Vnto Rivers, Springs, or Fountaines,  
They are sencelesse of my woe;  
So are groves, and rocks, & mountains.  
Then, oh whether shall I goe?

Meanes of harbour me to shield  
From despaire; Ah, know you any?  
For, nor Citie, Grange, nor Field  
(Though they lend content to many)  
Vnto me, can comfort yeeld.

## THE MISTRESSE

I have wept and sighed to,  
For compassion to make triall:  
Yea, done all that words can doe,  
Yet have nothing but denyall.  
What way is there then to wooe?

Shall I swear, protest, and vow?  
So have I done most extreemely.  
Should I die? I know not how.  
For, from all attempts unseemely,  
Love, and Virtue, keepes me now.

I have heard that Time prevails;  
But I feare me 'tis a fable:  
Time, and all endeavour failes;  
To beare more, my heart's unable,  
Yet none careth what it ayles.

Lines, to some have op't the dore,  
And got entrance for affection.  
Words well spoken, much implore  
By the Gestures good direction:  
But a Look doth ten times more.  
Tis the Eye that onely reads,  
To the heart, loves deepest Lectures.  
By a mooving looke it pleads.  
More then common sense coniectures:  
And, a way to pittie leads.

Thi,

## OF PHILARETE.

This, I knowing did observe,  
(both by words & looks complaining)  
Yet, for pittie, I may starve;  
There's no hope of my obtaining;  
Till I better can deserve.

Yea, and he that thinkes to winne  
By desert, may be deceived,  
For, they who have worthiest bin,  
Of their right have been bereaved,  
And a Groomme admitted in.

Wherefore Muse, to thee I call,  
Thou (since nothing else availes me)  
Must redeme me from my thrall.  
If thy sweet enchantment failes me,  
Then adue, love, life, and all.

# THE MISTRESSE

2

**T**ell me my heart, what Thoughts these pailings move?  
My Thoughts of LOVE.

What Flames are these, that set thee so on fire?

Flames of DESIRE.

What Meanes hast thou, contentment's flowre to crop?

No Meanes but HOPE.

Yet let us feed on Hope, and Hope the best.

For, they amid their griefes are something blest; (Scope,  
Whose Thoughts, & Flames, & Meanes, have such fruit  
They may at once both LOVE, DESIRE, and HOPE.

But say, what Fruit will love at last obtaine?

Fruitlesse DISDAINE.

What will those Hopes prove, which yet seem so fair?

Hopelesse DESPAIRE.

What End shall run those passions out of breath?

An endlesse DEATH.

Oh can there be such cruelty in Love?

And doth my Fortune so ungentle prove,

She will no Fruit, nor Hope, nor End bequeath,

But cruellest DISDAIN, DISPAIRE, and DEATH.

Then what new Studie shall I now apply?

Studie to DIE.

How might I end my Care, and dye content?

Care to REPENT.

And what good Thoughts may make my end more holy?

Thinke on thy FOLLY.

Yes, so I will, and since my Fate can give

No Hope, but even without Hope to live

My studies, Cares, and Thoughts, I'll all apply,

To weigh my FOLLY well, REPENT and DIE.

Sad

# OF PHILARETE:

**S** Ad Eyes, what doe you ayle  
To be thus ill disposed?  
Why doth your sleeping faile,  
Now all mens eyes are closed?  
Wast I, that nere did bow  
In any servile duty;  
And will you make me now,  
A slave to Love and Beauty?

What though thy Mistrresse smile,  
And in her love affects thee?  
Let not her eye beguile,  
I feare she disrespects thee.  
Doe not poore heart depend  
On those vaine thoughts that fill thee,  
They le faile thee in the end,  
So must thy passions kill thee.

What hopes have I, that she  
Will hold her favours evers;  
When so few women be,  
That constant can persevere?  
What ere she doe protest,  
When Fortunes doe deceive me,  
Then she, with all the rest,  
I feare, alas! will leave me.

## THE MISTRESSE

Whilſt youth & ſtrength remains,  
Wiſh art that may commend her;  
Perhaps, ſhe nought diſdaines,  
Her ſervant ſhould attend her.

But, it is one to ten,  
If croſſes overtake me;  
She will not know me, then;  
But ſcorne, and ſo forſake me.

Shall then in earneſt truth,  
My carefull eyes obſerve her?  
Shall I conſume my youth,  
And ſhort my time to ſerve her?  
Shall I, beyond my ſtrength,  
Let paſſions, torments prove me,  
To heare her ſay, at length,  
Away, I cannot love thee?

Oh, rather let me dye,  
Whilſt I thus gentle finde her,  
Twere worſe then death, if I  
Should finde ſhe proves unkind.  
One frowne (though but in ieſt)  
Or one unkindnes, ſained,  
Would rob me of more reſt,  
Then ere could be regained.

## OF PHILARETE.

But, in her eyes I finde  
Such signes of pittie mooving;  
She cannot be unkinde;  
Nor erre, nor faile in loving.  
And, on her forehead, this,  
Seemes written to relieve me;  
My heart no ioy shall misse,  
That Love, or Shee can give me.

Which if I finde, I vow,  
My service shall perseuer:  
The same that I am now,  
I will continue ever.  
No others high degrees,  
Nor beauteous looke shall change me.  
My Love shall constant be,  
And no estate estrange me.

When other noble Dames  
By greater men attended;  
Shall with their Lives and Names,  
Have all their glories ended;  
With fairest Queenes shall she  
Sit sharing equall glory:  
And Times to come, shall be,  
Delighted with our Story.

## THE MISTRESSE

In spite of others hates,  
More honour I will doe her;  
Then those, that with Estates,  
And helpes of Fortune woo her;  
Yea, that true worth I spie,  
Though Monarchs stroue to grace it,  
They should not reach more hie,  
Then I dare hope to place it.

And though I never want,  
What favours are possessed,  
Muchlesse content I want,  
Then if they were expressed:  
Let others make their mirth,  
To blab each kisse, or toyng;  
I know no blesse on earth,  
Like secret Love enjoying.

And this shall be the worst,  
Of all that can betide me;  
If I, like some accurst,  
Should finde my hopes deride me:  
My Cares will not be long,  
I know which way to mend them;  
Ile thinke who did the wrong,  
Sigh, breake my heart, and end them,



# OF PHILARETE.

**H**Aile faire *Beauties*, and againe,  
Haile to all your goodly traine.

What I promis'd yesterday,  
If it please you, heare ye may:

For, now once begun have I,  
Sing I will, though none were by.

And, though freely on I runne,  
Yet confused paths to shunne,

First, that part shall be disclos'd,  
That's of *Elements* compos'd.

There, the two unequall paire,  
*Water, Fire, Earth, Ayre.*

(Each one suting a Complexion,)

Have so cunning a *Commixtion*;

As they, in proportion sweet,

With the rarest temper meet.

Either, in as much as needeth,

So as neither, ought exceedeth.

This pure substance, is the same,

Which the *Body* we doe name.

Were that, of immortall stuffe;

Tis refin'd and pure enough,

To be cal'd a *Soule*: for sure,

Many *Soules* are not so pure.

I (that with a serious looke;

Note of this rare *Model* tooke)

Find, that Nature in their places,

So well couched all the *Graces*,

As the curioust eyes that be,

Can nor blot, nor blemish see.

Like a Pine it groweth streight,

Reaching an approved height:

## THE MISTRESSE

And hath all the choice perfections,  
That inflame the best affections,  
In the motion of each part,  
*Nature* seemes to strive with *Art*,  
Which her gestures most shall blesse,  
With the gifts of Pleasingnesse.

When she sits, me thinks, I see,  
How all virtues fixed be,  
In a frame; whose constant mould,  
Will the same unchanged hold.  
If you note her when she moves,  
*Cythera* drawne with Doves:  
May come learne such winning motions,  
As will gaine to loves devotions,  
More then all her painted wiles;  
Such as reares, or sighes, or smiles

Some, whose bodies want true graces,  
Have sweet features in their faces:  
Others, that doe misse them there,  
Lovely are some other where;  
And to our desires doe fit,  
In behaviour, or in wit:  
Or some inward worth appearing,  
To the soule, the soule endearing.  
But in her your eye may finde,  
All that's good in *womankind*.  
What in others we preferre,  
Are but sundry parts of her:  
Who, most perfect, doth present,  
What might one, and all content.  
Yea, he that in love still ranges,  
And each day, or houely changes;  
(Had he iudgement but to know,  
What perfection in her grow)

There

## OF PHILARTE.

There would find the spring of store,  
Swear a faith, and change no more.

Neither in the totall frame,  
Is the only void of blame;  
But, each part, survey'd asunder,  
Might beget both love and wonder,  
If you dare to looke so high,  
Or behold such maiestie;  
Lift your wondring eyes, and see,  
Whether ought can better'd be.

That's her *Haire*, with which Love angles  
And beholders eyes intangles.  
For, in those faire curled snares,  
They are hampered unawares:  
And compeld to sweare a duty,  
To her sweet intravling beauty.  
In my mind, 'tis the most faire,  
That was ever called haire,  
Somewhat brighter then a browne,  
And her *Tresses* waving downe,  
At full length, and so disprend:  
Mantles her from foot to head.

If you saw her Arched Brow,  
Tell me pray, what Art knowes how  
To have made it in a line,  
More exact, or more divine.  
Beauty there may be descri'd,  
In the height of all her pride,  
'Tis a meanly rising plaine,  
Whose pure white hath many a vaine,  
Interlacing like the springs,  
In the earths enamilings.  
If the tale be not a toy,  
Of the little winged Boy;

## THE MISTRESSE

When he meanes to strike a heart,  
Thence he throwes the fatall dart :  
VVhich of wounds still makes a paire,  
One of Love, one of Dispaire.

Round her visage: or so neare,  
To a roundnes doth appeare,  
That no more of length it takes,  
Then what best proportion makes.

Short her *Chinne* is; and yet so,  
As it is iust long enow:  
Lovelines, doth seeme to glory,  
In that *Cyrcling Promontory*.  
Pretty moving features skip,  
Twixt that hillocke and the lip:  
If you note her, but the while  
She is pleas'd to speake, or smile.

And her Lips (that shew no dulnes)  
Full are, in the meaneest fulnes:  
Those, the leaves be, whose unfolding,  
Brings sweet pleasures to beholding:  
For, such pearles they doe disclose,  
Both the *Indies* match not those:  
Yet, are so in order placed,  
As their whitenesse is more graced.  
Each part is so well disposed,  
And her dainty mouth composed,  
So, as there is no distortion,  
Misbecomes that sweet proportion.  
When her Ivorie Teeth she buries,  
Twixt her two enticing cherries,  
There appeares such pleasures hidden,  
As might tempt what were forbidden.  
If you looke againe the whites,  
She doth part those lips in smiles.

# OF PHILARETE.

'Tis as when a flash of light,  
Breakes from heaven to glad the night.

Other parts may pencill crave,  
But those lips I cannot leave;  
For (me thinketh) I should goe,  
And forsake those Cherries so.  
There's a kinde of excellence,  
Holds me from departing hence.  
I would tell you what it were,  
But my cunning failes me there:  
They are like in their discloses,  
To the mornings dewie roses:  
That beside the name of faire,  
Cast perfumes that sweet the Ayre.  
Melting soft her kisses be,  
And had I, now, two or three;  
(More inspired, by their touch)  
I had prais'd them twise as much.

But sweet *Muses* marke ye how,  
Her faire eyes doe checke me now,  
That I seem'd to passe them so:  
And their praises over-goe:  
And yet blame me not, that I  
Would so faine have past them by.  
For, I feared to have seene them,  
Lest there were some danger in them.  
Yer, such gentle looks they lend,  
As might make her foe, a friend;  
And by their allurings move  
All beholders, unto love.  
Such a power is also there,  
As will keepe those thoughts in care;  
And command enough I saw,  
To hold impudence in awe.

## THE MISTRESSE

There, may he that knowes to love,  
 Read contents, which are above,  
 Their ignoble aimes, who know  
 Nothing, that so high doth grow.  
 Whilst she me beholding is,  
 My heart dares not thinke amisse:  
 For, her sight most piercing cleare,  
 Seemes to see, what's written there.

Those bright *Eyes*, that with their light,  
 Often times have blest my sight,  
 And in turning thence their shining,  
 Left me in sad darkenesse pining:  
 Are the rarest, loveliest gray,  
 And do cast forth such a ray;  
 As the man, that black prefers,  
 More would like this gray of hers.

When their matchles beames he shrouds,  
 'Tis like *Cynthia* hid in Clouds.  
 If againe she shew them light,  
 'Tis like morning after night.  
 And 'tis worthy well beholding,  
 With how many a pretty folding,  
 Her sweet eye lids grace that faire,  
 Meanly fring'd with beaming haire:  
 Whereby nearly overspread,  
 Those bright lamps are shadowed.

'Twixt the *Eyes*, no hollow place,  
 Wrinkle nor und'scent space,  
 Disproportions her in ought;  
 Though by *Envy*, faults were sought.

On thoe *Eye-browes* never yet,  
 Did disdainfull scowling sit.  
*Love* and *Goodnesse* gotten thither,  
 Sit on equall thrones together;

And

# OF PHILARETE.

And doe throw iust scorne on them,  
That their government contemne.

Then (almost obscur'd) appears  
Those her Iewell-gracing *Eares*,  
Whose owne Beauties more odorne,  
Then the richest *Pearle* that's worne  
By the proudest *Persian* Dames,  
Or the best that *Nature* frames,  
There, the voice (in loves *Meanders*)  
Those their pretty cirklings, wanders:  
Whose rare turnings will admit,  
No rude speech to enter in.

Stretching from mount *Forbeadliet*,  
*Beauties Cape* betwixt her eyes.  
Which two Chrystall-passing lakes,  
*Loves* delightfull *Isthmus* makes;  
Neither more nor lesse extending,  
Then most meriteth commending,  
Those, in whom that part hath bene,  
Best deserving praises teene:  
Or, (surveyd without affection)  
Came the neereſt to perfection  
Would scarce handsome ones appeare,  
If with her compar'd they were.  
For, it is so much excelling,  
That it passeth meanes of telling.

On the either side of this;  
*Loves* most lovely Prospect is.  
Those her smiling *Cheeks*, whose colour  
Comprehends true Beauty fuller,  
Then the curioust mixtures can,  
That are made by art of Man.  
His Beauties Garden plot,  
Where, as in a True-love knot,

So,

# THE MISTRESSE

So, the Snowy Lilly growes,  
Mixed with the Crimson Rose,  
That, as friends they ioyned be;  
Yet, they seeme to disagree;  
Whether of the two shall raigne;  
And the Lillies oft obtaine  
Greatest sway; unless a blush  
Helpe the Roses at a push.  
Hollow fallings, none there are;  
Ther's no wrinkle, ther's no care;  
Onely ther's a little *Mole*,  
Which from *Venus* cheekewas stole.

If it were a thing in Nature,  
Possible, that any Creature,  
Might decaying life repaire  
Onely by the helpe of Aire:  
There were no such Salve for death,  
As the balme of her sweet breath.  
Or, if any humane power,  
Might detaine the Soules an houre,  
From the flesh to dust bequeathing,  
It would linger on her breathing;  
And be hake in mind, that there,  
More then mortall pleasures were;  
And whose fortune were so faire,  
As to draw so sweet an ayre,  
Would no doubtr, let sleighted lie,  
The perfumes of *Arabie*.  
For the *Engl'sh* Eglantine,  
Doth through envy of her, pine.  
Violets, and Roses too;  
Feares that she will them undoe.  
And, it seemes that in her brest,  
Is compos'd the *Phoenix* nest,



## OF PHILARETE.

But, descend a while mine eye,  
See, if polisht Ivory,  
Or the finest fleeced flockes,  
Or the whitest *Albion* Rocks;  
For comparisons may stand,  
To expresse that snowy hand.  
When she drawes it from her glove,  
It hath virtue to remove,  
Or disperst; if there be ought,  
Cloudech the beholders thought.  
If that palme but toucheth your,  
You shall feele a secret power  
Cheare your heart; and glad it more,  
Though it droopt with grieve before.

Through the vaines, disposed true  
Crimson, yeelds a Saphir hue:  
Which adds grace, and more delight,  
By embracing with the white.  
Smooth, and moist, and soft, and tender,  
Are her palmes; the fingers slender;  
Tipt with mollified Pearle.  
And if that transformed Girle,  
Whose much cunning, made her date,  
With *Joves* daughter to compare,  
Had that hand worne; mangre spight,  
Shee had sham'd the *Goddesse* quite.  
For, there is in every part,  
Nature perfecter then Art.

These, were joyned to those *Armes*,  
That were never made for harmes:  
But, possesse the sweetest graces,  
That may apt them for imbraces.  
Like the Silver streames they be,  
Which from some high hill we see

Clipping

## THE MISTRESSE

Clipping in a goodly *Vale*,  
That growes proud of such a thrall.

Neither *Alabaſter* Rocks,  
Pearl-frowd ſhores, nor *Cotſwold* flockes,  
Nor the *Mouaraines* tip't with ſnow,  
Nor the Milk-white *Swannes* of *po*,  
Can appeare ſo faire to me,  
As her ſpotleſſe ſhoulders be.  
They are like ſome worke of ſtate,  
Cover'd with the richeſt plate :  
And a preſence have, that ſtrike  
With deuotions, *Goddeſ-like*.

'Twixt thoſe ſhoulders (meanly ſpread)  
To ſupport that *Globe-like* head,  
Riſeth up her *Neck*, wherein,  
Beautie ſeemeth to beginne  
To diſcloſe it ſelfe, in more  
Tempting manner then before.  
How, therein ſhe doth excell,  
(Though I would) I cannot tell :  
For, I naught on earth eſpie,  
That I may expreſſe it by.

There, ſhould *Lovers* as in dutie,  
Hang rich *Trophies* vp to Beauty.  
Tis proportion'd for height,  
That is even with delight.  
Yet, it is a great deale higher,  
Then to anſwere baſe deſire.

Where the *Necke* hath end, begins  
That ſmooth path, where loves cloſe gins  
Are thicke placed to inthrall,  
Such, as that way ſtraggles ſhall.  
There, a pleaſing paſſage lies,  
Farre beyond the ſight of eyes:

And

# OF APHILARETE.

And much more delight contains,  
Then the old *Elizian* Plains.

Whatsoever others say,  
There's alone the *Milkie-way*,  
That to beauties walks doth goe,  
Which, if others came to know,

In possessing their delight,  
They should neuer reach the heighr,  
Of the pleasures which I share,  
Whilst that those debarred are,

Yet (unspoken of) there rests  
Her two twinlike lovely *Breasts*,  
Whose round-rising, pretty panting  
I would tell, but art is wanting.

Words can never well declare,  
Her faire sweet perfections there;  
For, would measures give me leave,  
To expresse what I conceive,  
I doe know I should goe neare,  
Halfe to ravish all that heare.

And, but that I learne to season,  
What I apprehend with *Reason*,  
It had made my *Passions* weight,  
Sinke me through my owne conceit.

There I finde so large a measure,  
Of an unexpressed pleasure;  
That my heart, through strong surmize,  
In a pleasing fainting lies.

He that there may rest to prove,  
Softer finds those beds of love,  
Then the Cotton ripest growne;  
Or fine pillowes of such Downe,  
As in time of Molting, fanns,  
From the breasts of silver *Swans*.

Those

## THE MISTRESSE

Those two sisters are a paire  
 Smoth alike, like soft, like faire;  
 If together they be viewed.  
 Yet if they apart be shewed,  
 That you touch, or see, seemes smother;  
 Softer, fairer, then the other.

That the Colour may delight,  
 So much red as makes the white  
 Purer seeme, is shed among:  
 And then, here, and there, along,  
 Runnes a *Saphire-Mine*, whose blew  
 Shaddowd, makes so brave a shew  
 On those lillie mounts, as tho,  
 Beauties simples there did grow.  
 In the vale, 'twixt either hill,  
 Lies Desire in ambush still;  
 And surprizeth every eye,  
 Which doth that way dare to pry.

There, is sure the twy-top Hill,  
 Where the poets, learne their skill:  
 That's *Parnassus* where the *Muses*,  
 Chast, and wise *Minerva* uses.  
 Her two Cherrilets are those,  
 Whence the pleasant *Nectar flower*.  
 And no fruits ere equall'd these,  
 Fetch from the *Hesperides*.

Once, as *Jachir* agones the Chased,  
 And for Aire, left halfe unlased,  
 Her light summer-robe of greene,  
 (Beauties safe, but slender skene)  
 Vnawares, I partly spide,  
 That faire Lillie field unhid,  
 Which you may her Belly name;  
 Yet, nor she, nor I, to blame.

## OF PHILARETE.

For, it was but what mine eye,  
Might behold with modestie.

Tis a faire and matchlesse Plaine,  
Where unknowne Delights remaine,  
Tis the store-house wherein, Pleasure  
Hides the richest of her treasure.  
Which, true Modestie (in ward)  
Keepes with a continuall guard,  
Of such *Virtues*; as shee', sure,  
No corruption can allure.

There they say (for mind it well)  
I doe this by heresay, tell,  
Growes her *Navell* which doth seeme,  
Like some *Jewel* of esteeme:  
With so wondrous cunning wrought,  
That an iniury 'tis thought:  
Such a beauty, with the rest,  
(Should unknowne) be unexpress.


Somewhat else there is, that's hidden;  
Which to name I am forbidden:  
Neither have I ever pried,  
After that should be unpied.  
Never shall my *Maiden-Muse*,  
So her selfe, and me abhor,  
As to sing what I may feare,  
Will offend the Choicest eare.  
Though I know, if none be by,  
But true friends to Modestie;  
I might name each part at will,  
And yet no mans thought be ill.

Yet, for feare loose hearers may  
Iudge amisse, if more I say:  
I'll descend to shun all blame,  
To the Pillers of this Frame.

Where

## THE MISTRESSE

Whete, though I nere aimed so high,  
As her dainty youthfull Thigh;  
(Whose rare softnes, smothnes, fulnes,  
Being knowne, would reach my dulnes  
Such a straine, as might besit  
Some brave *Tuscan Poets* wit)  
Once a sawcie bush I spide,  
Plucke her silken skirts aside;  
So discovered unto me,  
All those beauties to the knee.  
And, before the thornes entanglings,  
Had let goe the Silver spanglings,  
I perceiv'd the curious knitting,  
Of those joynts were well besitting;  
Such a Noble piece of worke :  
'Mongst whose turnings, seem'd to lurke,  
Much to entertaine the sight,  
With new objects of delight.

Then the Legge for shape as rare,  
Will admit of no compare.  
Streight it is; the Anckle leane,  
Full the Calse, but in the meane;  
And the slender Foot doth fit,  
So each way to suit with it,   
As she nothing lesse excels  
Therein, then in all things els.  
Yea from Head to Foot, her feature,  
Shewes her an unblemisht creature :  
In whom love with reason, might,  
Finds so matchlesse a *Delight*.  
That more cannot be acquired,  
Nor, a greater blisse desired.

Yet if you will rest an houre,  
Vnder yonder shady bowre :

I, an  
To  
Bur  
Stra  
(Suc  
We  
And  
Nov  
Shal  
Such

## OF PHILARETE.

I, anon my *Muse* will raise  
To a higher pitch of praise.  
But a while with Raspice-berries,  
Strawberries, ripe Peares, and Cherries,  
(Such as these our Groves doe beare)  
We will coole our palats there.  
And those homely Cates among,  
Now and then, a Past'rall Song,  
Shall my *Lad*, here, sing, and play:  
Such, as you had yesterday.

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# THE MISTRESSE

## I

**A** Lad whose faith will constant prove  
 And never know an end:  
 Late by an oversight in love,  
 Displeas'd his dearest friend.  
 For which, incens'd she did retake,  
 The favours which he wore;  
 And said, be never for her sake,  
 Should weare, or see them more.

The griefe whereof, how neare it went,  
 And how unkindly tooke;  
 Was figur'd by the discontent,  
 Appearing in his looke.  
 At first, he could not silence breake,  
 (So heavy sorrow lay)  
 But when his sighs gave way to speake,  
 Thus, sadly did he say.

My onely Deare; and with that speech,  
 Not able to sustaine,  
 The floods of griefe as sorrowes breach;  
 He paus'd awhile againe.  
 At length (nigh fainting) did expresse,  
 These words with much adoe;  
 Oh deare! let not my loves excesse,  
 Me, and my love undoe.



# OF PHILARETE.

She, little moved with his pains,  
His much distraction eyde;  
And changing love, into disdain,  
Thus (still unkind) replide:  
Forbeare to urge one kindnesse more,  
Vnlesse you long to see,  
The good respect you had before,  
At once all lost in me.

With that, dismaid, his suit he ceast,  
And, downe his head he hung:  
And, as his Reasons strength decreast,  
His passion grew more strong.  
But, seeing she did slight him more  
(With Willow Garlands wreath'd)  
He sat him downe, and all alone,  
This sad complaint he breath'd.

O Heavens! Quoth he, why doe we spend,  
Endeavours thus in vaine;  
Since what the Fates doe fore-intend,  
They never change againe?  
Nor Faith, nor Love, nor true Desert,  
Nor all that man can doe,  
Can win him place within her heart,  
That is not borne thereto.

Why doe I fondly waste my youth,  
In secret sighs and teares?  
Why to preserve a spotlesse truth,  
Take I so many cares?  
For, women that no worth respect,  
Doe so ungente prove,  
That some shall winne by their neglect,  
What others lose with love.

These,

# THE MISTRESSE

Those, that have set the best at naught,  
 And no man could enjoy;  
 At last by some base Gull are caught,  
 And gotten with a toy.  
 Yes, they that spend an ages light,  
 Their favours to obtaine;  
 For one unwilling oversight,  
 May loose them all againe.

How glad, and faine, alas would I,  
 For her have underwent,  
 The greatest care, ere she should trie,  
 The smallest discontent?  
 Yet she, that may my life command,  
 And doth those passions know,  
 Denieth me a poore demand,  
 In height of all my woe.

Oh, if the Noblest of her time,  
 And best belov'd of me;  
 Could for so poore, so slight a crime,  
 So voyd of pittie be.  
 Sure, had it beene some common one,  
 Whose patience I had tride;  
 No wonder I had been undone,  
 Or unforgiven di'de.

A thousand lives I would have laid,  
 So well I once beterv'd,  
 She would have dain'd to lend me ayd,  
 If she had seene me griev'd.

## OF PHILARETE.

But now, I live to see the day,  
Where I presumed so;  
I neither dare for pity pray,  
Nor tell her of my woe.

Yet, let not poore despised heart,  
Her worth ought questiond be;  
Hadst thou not fayled in desert,  
She had not failed thee.  
But lest perhaps, they flout thy mone,  
That should esteeme thee deare;  
Goe, make it by thy selfe alone,  
Where none may come to heare.

Still keep thy forehead crown'd with smiles,  
What passions ere thou trie;  
That none may laugh at thee the whiles,  
Thou discontented lye.  
And let no wrong, by change dislaine  
A love so truly faire:  
But rather, never hope againe,  
And thou shalt ne're despaire.

O retyr'd

# THE MISTRESSE

2

**Q**Reti'd by cruell passions that oppresse me,  
(With heart nigh broken, Time no hope would give me)  
Upon my bed I laid me downe to rest me;  
And gentle sleepe I woo'd to relieve me.  
But oh alas! I found that on the morrow  
My sleeping Ioyes, brought forth my waking Sorrow.

For loe, a dreame I had so full of pleasure,  
That to possesse, what to imbrace I seem'd,  
Could not effect my Joy in higher measure,  
Then now it grieues me, that I have but dream'd.  
Oh let my dreames be sighes and teares hereafter:  
So, I that sleeping weepe, may wake in laughter.

Faine would I tell, how much that shadow pleas'd me;  
But tongue and pen, want words, and art in telling.  
Yet, this I'll say, to shew what horror fear'd me;  
(When I was robd of blisse, so much excell'g)  
Might all my dreames be such; oh let me never  
Awake againe: but sleepe, and dreame for ever.

For, when I waking saw my selfe deceiv'd,  
And what an inward Hell it had procur'd,  
To finde my selfe of all my ioyes bereav'd,  
It brought on passions not to be indur'd:  
And, know I, next night had such dreames in keeping,  
I'de make my eyes, forswear, for ever sleeping.

To

# OF PHILAKETER

## 3

**Y**OU woody Hills, you Dales, you Groves,  
 You Flouds, and every Spring,  
 You Creatures come, whom nothing moves,  
 And heare a Shepheard sing.  
 For, to Heroës, Nymphs and Swaines,  
 I long haue made my mone:  
 Yet, what my mournfull Verse containes,  
 Is understood of none.

In Song, APOLLO give me skill;  
 Their love, his Sisters daine.  
 With those that haunt Parnassus hill,  
 I friendship entertaine:  
 Yet, this is all in vaine to me,  
 So haplesly I fare,  
 As those things which my glory be,  
 My cause of ruine are.

For, Love hath kindled in my brest,  
 His never quenched fire:  
 And I, who often haue exprest,  
 What other men desire.  
 (Because I could so diue into  
 The depth of others mone)  
 Now, I my own affliction shew,  
 Heedlesse, of none.

## THE MISTRESSE

Of have the Nymphs of greatest worth,  
Made suite my Songs to heare.

As oft 'when I have sighed forth  
Such notes as saddest were)

Alas! said they, poore gentle heart,  
Who ere that Shepheards be:

But, none of them suspects my smart,  
nor thinks it meaneth me.

When I have reacht so high a straine,  
Of passion in my Song;

That they have seene the teares to raine  
And trill my cheeke along:

Instead of sigh, or weeping eye,  
To sympathize with me;

Oh, were he once in love, they cry,  
How moving would he be?

Oh pittie me, you Powers above,  
And take my skill away:

Or, let my hearers think I love,  
And faine not what I say.

For, if I could disclose the smart,  
Which I unknown do beare;  
Each line would make them sighs impart,  
And every word a teare.

Had I a Mistresse, some do think,  
She would revealed be;

And I would favours weare, or drinke  
Her Health upon my Knee.

Alas poore fooles! they aime awry,  
Their fancy flags too low:

Could they my loves rare course espy,  
They would amazed grow.

## OF PHILARETE.

Put, let nor Nymph, nor Swaine conceive,

My tongue shall ever tell,

Who of this rest, doth me hereafter;

Or where I am not well.

But, if you sighing me espie,

Where rarest features be;

Marke, where I fixe a weeping eye,

And sweare you, There is she.

Tel, ere my eyes betray me shall,

Ile swell, and burst with paine;

And, for each drop they would let fall,

My heart shall bleed me twaine.

For, since my soule more sorrow beares,

Then common Lovers know;

I scorn, my passions should like theirs,

A common humour show.

Eare, never heard of, heretofore,

Of any Love like mine.

Nor shall there be for everm. *¶*

Affection so divine.

And, that to faine it, none may *¶*

When I dissolv'd must be;

The first I am, it lived by,

And die it shall, with me.

# THE MISTRESSE

**B**oy, h'a done; for now my brain  
 Is inspir'd afresh again,  
 And new Raptures pressing are,  
 To be sung in praise of her:  
 Whose faire *Picture* lyeth nigh,  
 Quite unvail'd to ev'ry eye.  
 No small favour hath it been,  
 That such Beautie might be seen:  
 Therefore, ever may they rue it,  
 Who with evill eyes shall view it;  
 Yea, what ancient storiestell,  
 Once to rude *Aleon* fell,  
 (When with evill thoughts he stood  
 Eying *Cynthia* in the Flood)  
 May that farall horned curse,  
 Light upon them; or a worse.  
 But (wherever others be)  
 Lest some fault be found in me,  
 If unperfect this remaine;  
 I will over-trym't againe.  
 Therefore, turn where we begun:  
 And now all is over-runne.  
 Marke, if every thing exprest,  
 Sure not so unto the rest,  
 As if *Nature* would prefer,  
 All perfections unto her.  
 Wherefore seemes it strange to any,  
 That they daily see so many,  
 Who were else most perfect Creatures,  
 In some one part, want true features?  
 Since, from all the fair'st that live,  
*Nature* took the best, to give

Her



# OF PHILARETE.

Her perfection in each part.  
I, alone, except her heart;  
For, among all woman-kind,  
Such as hers, is hard to find.

If you truly note her face,  
You shall find it hath a grace,  
Neither wanton, nor o're serious;  
Nor too yeelding, nor impetuous;  
But, with such a feature blest,  
It is that, which pleasest best:  
And delights each sev'ral eye,  
That affects with modesty.  
Lowlineffe, hath in her look,  
Equall place with Greatnesse look.  
And, if *Beautie* (any where)  
Claimes Prerogatives, 'tis there.  
For at once, thus much 'will doe,  
Threat, command, perswade, and wooe.

In her *Speech* there is not found,  
Any harsh, unpleasing sound.  
But a well belecting power;  
Neither higher, neither lower,  
Then will sute with her perfection.  
'Tis the Leadstone of Affection.  
And, that man, whose judging eyes,  
Could well sound such mysteries,  
Would in love, make her, his choice;  
Though he did but heare her voice.  
For, such accents, breath not, whence  
Beauty keeps *Non-residence*.  
Never word of hers, I heare,  
But 'tis Musicke to mine care;  
And, much more contentment brings,  
Then the sweetly-touched strings,

# THE MISTRESSE

Of the pleasing Lute, whose strainer,  
Ravish hearers when it plaines,

Rais'd by her discourse, I flie,  
In contented thoughts so high,  
That I passe the common measures,  
Of the dulled Senses pleasures:  
And, leave farre below my flight,  
Vulger pitches of delight.

If she smile, and merry be;  
All about her, are as she.  
For, each looker on, takes part  
Of the ioy that's in her heart.

If she grieve, or you but spie  
Sadnesse peeping through her eye;  
Such a grace it seemes to borrow,  
That you'll fall in love with sorrow:  
And abhorre the name of Mirth,  
As the hatefulst thing on earth,  
Should I see her shed a teare,  
My poore eyes would melt, I feare.  
For, much more in Hers appeares,  
Then in other womens teares:  
And her looke, did never faine  
Sorrow, where there was no paine.

Seldome hath she heene espide  
So impatient as to chide:  
For; if any see her so,  
They'll in love with anger grow:  
Sigh, or speake; or smile, or talke;  
Sing, or weepe, or sit, or walke;  
Every thing that she doth do,  
Decent is, and lovely too:  
Each part that you shall behold,  
Hath within it selfe inrold,

What

# OF PHILARETE.

What you could desire to see,  
(Or your heart conceive to be)  
Yet, if from that part your eye,  
Moving shall another spye:  
There you see as much or more,  
Then you thought to praise before

While the eye surveyes it, you  
Will imagine that her *Brow*  
Hath all beaurie; when her *Cheek*,  
You behold, it is as like  
To be deemed fairest too.  
(So much there can Beaurie doe)  
Looke but thence upon her eye,  
And you wonder by and by,  
How there may be any where,  
So much worthy praise as there.  
Yet, if you survey her *Brest*,  
Then as freely you'l protest,  
That in them perfection is;  
Though (I know) that one poore kisse,  
From her tempting *Lips*, would then,  
Make all that forsworne agen.  
For, the selfe same moving grace,  
Is at once in every place,

She, her beaurie never soyles,  
With your oyntments, waters, oyles,  
Nor no loathsome *Fucus* settles,  
Mixt with *Iewish* fasting spetles.  
Faire by *Nature*, being borne,  
She doth borrowed beaurie scorne.  
Who so kisses her, needs feare  
No unwholesome varnish there;  
For, from thence he onely sips  
The pure *Nectar* of her lips.

## THE MISTRESSE

And at once with these he closes,  
Melting Rubies, Cherries, Roses.

Then, in her behaviour, she  
Striveth but herselfe to be,  
Keeping such a decent state,  
As (indeed) she seemes to hate  
Precious leisure should be spent,  
In abused Complement.

Though she knowes what other doe,  
(And can all their Courtship too)  
She, is not in so ill case,  
As to need their borrowed grace.

Her Discourses sweetned are,  
With a kind of artlesse care,  
That expresseth greater Art,  
Then affected words impart:  
So, her gestures (being none,  
But that freenesse which alone,  
Suits the bravennesse of her mind)  
Make, her, of her self, to find,  
Postures more becomming far,  
Then the meer acquired, are.

If you marke, when for her pleasure,  
Shee vouchsafes to foot a *Measure*,  
Though, with others skill she pace,  
Ther's a sweet delightfull grace  
In herselfe; which doth prefer  
Art, beyond that Art in her.

Neither needs she beat her wir,  
To devise what dressings fit,  
Her complexion, and her feature,  
So beholding are to nature;  
If she in the Fashions goe,  
All the reason she doth so,

# OF PHILARETE.

Is; because she would not erre,  
In appearing singuler.

Doubtlesse, not for any thought,  
That 'twill perfect her in ought.

Many a dainty-seeming *Dame*,  
Is in native Beauties lame.

Some are graced by their Tyres,  
As their Quoifs, their Hats, their Wyres.

One, a Ruffe doth best become;  
Falling Bands much altereth some.

And their favours, oft, we see,  
Changed as their dressings be,  
Which, her Beauty never feares;

For, it graceth all she weares.

If ye note her Tyre to day,

That, doth sute her best, you'll say,

Marke, what she next morn doth weare;

That, becomes her best you'll sweare.

Yes, as oft as her you see;

Such new graces, still there be :

As, she ever seemeth grac'e,

Most by that she weareth last.

Though it be the same she wore,

But the very day before:

When she takes her Tyers about her,  
(Never halfe so rich without her)

At the putting on of them,

You may liken every Iem,

To those lamps, which at a Play,

Are set up to light the day.

For, their lustre addes no more,

To what *Titan* gave before;

Neither doth their pretty gle'mings,

Hinder ought, his greater be'n'ings.

# THE MISTRESSE

And yet (which is strange to me)  
 When those costly deckings be,  
 Laid away; there seems descri'd  
 Beauties, which those Vailles did hide.  
 And, she looke, as doth the Moone,  
 Vast some Cloud through which she shone:  
 Or, some *Iewell Watch*, whose Case,  
 Set with *Diamonds*, seemes to grace  
 What it doth containe within;  
 Till the curious worke be scene,  
 Then; tis found, that costly thrallings  
 Did but hinder others shining.

If you chance to be in place,  
 When her Mantle she doth grace;  
 You would presently protest,  
*Frisht* dressings were the best.  
 If againe she lay it downe,  
 While you view her in a Gowne;  
 And how those her dainty limbs,  
 That close-bodied garment trims.  
 You would sweare, and sweare agen:  
 She appeared loveliest then;

But, if she so cruelly faire,  
 Should untie her shining haire,  
 And at length, that treasure shed;  
*Ioves* endured *Ganimed*,  
 Neither *Cythereas* loy,  
 Nor the sweet selfe-loving Boy,  
 (Who in beauty did surpass)  
 Nor the fair'st that ever was:  
 Could, to rake you prisoner bring,  
 Lookes so sweetly conquering.

She, excels her, whom *Apollo*,  
 Once with weeping eyes did follow:

## OF PHILARETE.

Or that *Nymph*, who shut in Towers,  
Was beguild with golden showers;  
Yea, and She, whose love was wont,  
To swimme o're the *Hellespont*.  
For her sake (though in attire,  
Fittest to enflame desire)  
Seem'd not halfe so faire to be,  
Nor so lovely, as is she.  
For, the man whose happy eye  
Viewes her in full Majesty:  
Knowes, she hath a power that moves,  
More then doth the *Queen of Loves*,  
When she useth all her power,  
To inflame her Paramour.

And, sometime I doe admire,  
All men burne not with desire.  
Nay, I muse her servants are not  
Pleading love; but oh they dare not.  
And, I therefore wonder, why  
They doe not grow sicke, and die.

Sure they would doe so, but that  
By the ordinance of *Fate*,  
There is some concealed thing,  
So, each gazer limiting;  
He can see no more of merit,  
Then be seemes his worth and spirit.  
For, in her a *Grace* there shines,  
That o're-daring thoughts confines;  
Making worthlesse men dispaire,  
To be lov'd of one so faire,  
Yea, the *Destinies* agree,  
Some good judgments blind should be,  
And not gaine the power of knowing.  
Those rare Beauties in her growing.

*Readers*

## THE MISTRESSE

*Reason* doth as much imply :  
For, if every iudging eye,  
(Which beholdeth her) should there,  
Find what excellencies are :  
All, o'recome by those perfections,  
Would be captive to affections.  
So, in happinesse unblest;  
She, for Lovers, should not rest.  
This, wellheeding, think upon :  
And, if there be any one,  
Who alloweth not the worth,  
Which my *Muse* hath painted forth;  
Hold it not defect in her;  
But, that hee's ordain'd to erre.  
Or, if any female wight,  
Should detract from this I write,  
She, I yeeld, may shew her wit,  
But disparage her no whit.  
For, on earth few women be,  
That from Envy's rouch are free.  
And, who ever, *Envy* knew,  
Yeeld those honours that were due ?

Though sometime my *Song* I raise,  
To unuied heights of praise,  
(And breake forth as I shall please,  
Into strange *Hyperboles*)  
Tis to shew, Conceit hath found,  
Worth, beyond expressions bound.  
Though, her breath I doe compare,  
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;  
Or, her eyes that are so bright,  
To the mornings cheerfull light,  
Yet, I doe it not so much,  
To inferre that she is such;



## OF PHILARETE.

As to shew, that being blest,  
 With what merits name of best,  
 She appeares more faire to me,  
 Then all Creatures else that be.  
 Her true beauty leaves behind,  
 Apprehensions in my mind,  
 Of more sweetnesse then all Art,  
 Or inventions can impart.  
 Thoughts, too deep to be exprest,  
 And too strong to be suppress.  
 Which, oft raiseth my conceits,  
 To so unbelieved heights;  
 That (I feare) some shallow brain,  
 Thinks my *Muses* doe but faine.  
 Sure, he wrongs them if he doe:  
 For, could I have reached to  
 So like Straines, as these you see;  
 Had there been no such as *She*?  
 Is it possible that I,  
 Who scarce heard of *Poesie*,  
 Should a meare *Idea* raise,  
 To as true a pitch of praise,  
 As the learned *Poets* could,  
 Now, or in the times of old;  
 All those reall beauties bring,  
 Honor by their *Sonnetting*?  
 (Having Arts, and favours to,  
 More t'encourage what they doe)  
 No; if I had never seen,  
 Such a beauty; I had been  
 Piping in the Country shades,  
 To the homely *Darj-maidens*:  
 For a Country Fidler's fees;  
 Clouted creame, and bread and cheese.

# THE MISTRESSE

I no skill in *Numbers* had,  
 More then every *Shepherds Lad*,  
 Till *She* taught me, *Straines* that were,  
 Pleasing to her gentle care.  
 Her faire splendor, and her worth,  
 From obscurenesse, drew me forth.  
 And, because I had no *Muse*,  
 She her self daign'd to infuse  
 All the skill, by which I clime,  
 To these praises in my *Rime*.  
 Which, if she had pleas'd to adde,  
 To that Art sweet *Drayton* had,  
 Or that happy *Swaine* that shall  
 Sing *Britannias Pastorall*;  
 Or to theirs, whose *Verse* set forth  
*Rosalind*, and *Stella's* worth;  
 They had dou- led all their skill,  
 Gained on *Apollos Hill*:  
 And, as much more set her forth,  
 As I'me short of them in worth.  
 They, had unto heights aspir'd,  
 Might have justly been admir'd;  
 And, in such brave *Straines* had mov'd,  
 As of all had been approv'd.

I, must praise her as I may;  
 Which I doe mine owne rude way:  
 Sometime setting forth her glories,  
 By unheard of *Allegories*.  
 Think not, tho, my *Muse* now sings,  
 Meere absurd, or fained things.  
 If to gold I like her Haire,  
 Or, to *Statres*, her eyes so faire:  
 Though I praise her skin by snow,  
 O, by *Pearles*, her double-Row:

# O F P H I L A R E T E .

Tis that you might gather thence,  
Her unmatched excellence.

Eyes, as faire (for eyes) hath she  
As starres faire, for starres may be.  
And, each part as faire doth show,  
In it kind, as white in Snow.

Tis no grace to her at all,  
If her Haire I *sunne beames* call:

For, were there a power in Art,

So to pourtrait every part,  
All men might those beauties see,  
As thee do appear to me.

I would scorne to make compare  
With the glorioust things that are.

Nought I ere saw, faire enow,

But the Haire, the haire to show.

Yet, some think him overbold.

That compares it but to Gold.

He, from Reason seems to erre,

Who commending of his Deare,

Gives her Lips the Rubies hue,

Or by Pearles her Teeth doth shew.

But what Pearles, what Rubies can,

Seeme so lovely faire, to man,

As her Lips whom he doth love,

When in sweet discourse they move?

Or her lovelier Teeth the while,

She doth blesse him with a smile:

Starres indeed, faire Creatures be:

Yet, amongst us, where is he,

Loves not more the while he lies,

Sunning in his *Mistresse* Eyes,

Then in all the glimmering light,

Of a starrie winters night?

Him

## THE MISTRESSE

Him to flatter, most suppose,  
 That prefers before the Rose  
 Or the Lillies (while they grow)  
 Or the flakes of new-falln snow;  
 Her complexion whom he loveth:  
 And yet, this my *Muse* approveth.  
 For, in such a beauty, meets  
 Vnexpressed moving sweets;  
 That, (the like unto them) no man,  
 Ever saw but in a *Woman*.  
 Look on *Moon*, on *Stars*, on *Sunne*,  
 All Gods Creatures over-runne.  
 See, if all of them presents,  
 To your mind, such sweet contents:  
 Or, if you from them can take,  
 Ought that may a beauty make,  
 Shall one halfe so pleasing prove,  
 As is *Hers*, whom you do love.  
 For indeed, if there had been  
 Other mortall Beauties seen,  
 Objects for the love of man,  
 Vaine was their creation than.  
 Yea, if this could well be granted,  
*Adam* might his *Eve* have wanted.  
 But a woman is the Creature,  
 Whose proportion with our nature  
 Best agrees; and whose perfections,  
 Sympathize with our affections:  
 And not only finds our Senses,  
 Pleasure in their excellencies.  
 But our reason alio knowes  
 Sweetnesse in them, that outgoes  
 Humane wit to comprehend,  
 Much more, truly, to commend.

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## OF PHILARETE.

Note, the beauty of any Eye;  
And, if ought you praise it by,  
Leave such passion in your mind,  
Let my *Reasons* eye be blind.

Marke, if ever red or white,  
Any where, gave such delight,  
As when they have taken place,  
In a worthy womans face.

He that so much hath not nored,  
Will not: or is grown belotted.

Such as Lovers are, conceive,  
What impressions Beauty leave;  
And thole Hearts, that fire have took,  
By a love-enflaming looke:

Those, beloeve what here I say;  
And, suppose not that I stray,  
In a word, by setting forth  
Any praise beyond true worth.

And yet, wherefore should I care,  
What anothers Censures are,  
Since I know her to be such,  
As no praise can be too much?

All that see her, will agree,  
In the selfe same mind with me;  
If their wit be worth the having,  
Or their iudgement merit craving.

And the man that kens her not,  
Speaks, at best, he knowes not what:  
So, his Envy, or good will,  
Neither doth her good nor ill.

Then, Fooles cavils I disdaine,  
And, call backe my *Muse* againe,  
To decipher out the rest,  
For, I have too long digrest.

This

## THE MISTRESSE

This is *She*, in whom there meets  
All variety of sweets.  
An *Epitomie*, of all,  
That on earth we Faire may call.  
Nay, yet more I dare aver;  
He that is possesse of her,  
Shall at once all pleasure find,  
That is reapt from *Woman-kind*.

Oh, what man would further range,  
That in one might finde such change?  
What dulleye such worth can see,  
And not sworne a Lover be?  
Or, from whence was he, could prove,  
Such a Monster in his love;  
As, in thought, to use amise,  
Such unequald worth as this?  
Pitie 'twere that such a Creature,  
*Phoenix* like, for matchlesse feature,  
Should so suffer; or be blamed,  
With what now the Times are shamed.

Beautie (unto me divine)  
Makes my honest thoughts encline  
Vnto better things, then that,  
Which the vulger saymeth ar,  
And, I vow, I grieve to see,  
Any Faire, and false to be:  
Or, when I sweet pleasures find,  
Matcht with a defiled mind,  
But (above all others) *Her*,  
So much doth my soule prefer;  
That to Him whose ill desire,  
Should so nurse a lawlesse Fire,  
As to tempt, to that, which might  
Dimme her sacred Virtues light;

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## OF PHILARTE.

I could wish that he might die  
Ere he did it; though 'twere I.

For, if *She* should hap to stray,  
All this Beautie would away:  
And not her alone undoe,  
But kill him, that prais'd her to.  
But, I know her *Maker* will  
Keep her undistained still:  
That ensuing ages may  
Pattern out, by her the way  
To all goodnesse. And if *Fate*  
That appoints all things a Date,  
Heare me would; I'de wish that *She*  
Might for aye preserved be.

And that neither wasting Cares,  
Neither all consuming Yeares,  
Might, from what she is, estrange her,  
Or in mind, or body change her.  
For, oh why should envious *Time*,  
Perpetrate so vile a crime,  
As to waste, or wrong, or staine,  
What shall ne're be matcht againe?

Much I *Hope*, it shall not be:  
For, if Love deceive not me,  
To that height of Faire she growes.  
Age, or Sicknesse (*Beauties* foes)  
Cannot so much wrong it there,  
But enough there will appeare,  
Ever worthy to be lov'd:  
And, that heart shall more be mov'd,  
(Where there is a iudging eye)  
With those prints it doth espie,  
Of her beauty wrong'd by *Time*,  
Then by others, in their prime.

## THE MISTRESSE

One advantage she hath more,  
That adds grace to all before,  
It is this; her Beauties fame.  
Hath not done her honour shame;  
For, where Beautie we do find,  
*Envy* still is so unkind,  
That although their *Vertues* are  
Such, as passe their Beauties farre;  
Yet on *Slanders* rocks they be;  
Shipwrackt oftentimes, we see:  
And are subject to the wrongs  
Of a thousand spightfull tongues,  
When the greatest fault they had,  
Was, that some would make them bad;  
And not finding them for action,  
Sought for vengeance, by detraction.

But her beauty sure no tongue,  
Is so villanous to wrong.  
Never did the Icaloust care,  
Any muttering humour heare,  
That might cause the least suspects,  
Of indifferent defects.  
And (which somewhat stranger is)  
They, whose slanders few can misse,  
(Though set on by evill will,  
And habituated ill)  
Nothing can of her invent,  
Whence to frame disparagement.

Which, if we respect the crimes,  
Of these loose injurious times;  
Doth not only truly prove,  
Great discretion in her love:  
And, that she hath liv'd upright,  
In each jealous tongues despight.

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## OF PHILARETE.

But, it must be understood,  
That her private thoughts are good.  
Yea, 'tis an apparant signe,  
That her beauty is divine:  
And, that *Angels* have a care,  
Mens polluting tongues should spare  
To defile what God hath given,  
To be deare to Earth, and Heaven.

Tell me you that heare me now;  
Is there any one of you,  
Wanteth feeling of affection?  
Or that loves not such perfection?  
Can there be so dull an eare,  
As of so much worth to heare;  
And not seriously incline,  
To this Saint-like friend of mine?  
If there be; the fault doth lie,  
In my artlesse *Poesy*.

For, if I could reach the Straine,  
Which me thinks I might obtain;  
Or, but make my measures flie,  
Equall with my fantasie;  
I would not permit an eare,  
To attend unravisht here;  
If, but so much sence it knew,  
As the blocks that *Orpheus* drew.

Think on this description, well,  
And, your nobles *Ladies* tell;  
Which of you (that worth can see)  
This my *Mistresse* would not be?

You brave *English*, who have run,  
From the rising of the *Sun*:  
Till in travelling you found,  
Where he doth conclude his Round.

You,

## THE MISTRESSE

You, that have the beauties scene,  
Which in farthest Lands have been;  
And surveid the faire resorts,  
Of the *French* and *Spanish* Courts :  
(With the best that *Fame* renownes.  
In the rich *Trans-Alpine* Townes)  
Do not with our brainlesse Fry,  
(That admire each novelty)  
Wrong your Countries fame in ought.  
But, here freely speake your thought;  
And I durst presume youle sweare,  
Shee's not marched any where.

Gallants, you that would so faine,  
*Nymphs* and *Ladies* loves obaine.  
You, that strive to serue and please,  
Fairest *Queenes* and *Empresses*.  
Tell me this, and tell me right;  
If you would not (so you might)  
Leaue them all despis'd to prove,  
What contents are in her love ?

Could your Fathers ever tell,  
Of a *Nymph* did more excell ?  
Or hath any story told,  
Of the like, in times of old ?  
*Dido* was not such a one,  
Nor the *Troians* Paragone.  
Though they so much favour found,  
As to have their honours crownd,  
By the best of *Poets* pens,  
Ever known before or since.

For had *Dido* been so fair,  
Old *Anchises* noble heire;  
*Joves* command had disobaid :  
And with her in *Carthage* staid :

Where

## OF PHILARETE.

Whern he would have quite forswore,  
Seeing the *Lavinian* Shore.

Or, had *Ladas* Daughter been,  
(When she was the *Spartan* Queen)

Equall with his lovely one,

*Menelaus* had never gone,

From her sight so farre away,

As to leave her for a prey;

And his roome, to be possesst,

By her wanton *Prygian* guest.

But lest yet among you, some,

Thinke she may behind these, come:

Stay a little more, and heare me:

In another straine I'll reare me.

I'll unmasque a beauty, now,

Which to kisse, the gods may bow.

And so feelingly did move,

That your soules shall fall in love.

I have yet, the best behind;

Her most faire, unequald, *Minde*.

This, that I have here exprest,

Is but that, which vailles the rest.

An incomparable shrine,

Of a Beauty more divine,

Whereof, ere I farther speake,

Off againe, my Song I'll breake.

And, if you among the *Roses*,

(Which, yon quickset hedge incloses)

Will with plucking flowers, beguile

Tedous-seeming Time awhile;

Till I step to yonder Green,

(Whence the sheep so plain are seen)

I, will be returned, ere

You an houre have stayd there.

And,

## THE MISTRESSE

And, excuse me now, I pray,  
Though I rudely goe away.  
For, Affaires I have to do:  
Which, unlesse I look into;  
I may sing out Summer here,  
Like the idle Grasshopper,  
And at winter hide my head,  
Or else fast, till I am dead.

Yet if Rusticke Past'rall Measures,  
Can ought adde unto your pleasures;  
I will leave you some of those,  
Which, it pleas'd me to compose,  
When dispairing fits were over;  
And I made a happy Lover,  
Exercis'd my loving passion,  
In an other kind of fashion,  
Then to utter, I devised,  
When I fear'd to be despised.

Those; shall lye in gage for me,  
Till I backe returned be.  
And, in writing; here, you have them;  
Either Sing, or Read, or leave them.

Admin

# OF PHILAKETE

## Sonnet I.

Admire not Shepheards Boy,  
Why I my Pipe forbear;  
My sorrows, and my joy,  
Beyond expression are.

Though others may,  
In Songs display  
Their passions, when they woo:  
Yet mine doe flie,  
A pitch too high,  
For words to reach unto.

If such weake thoughts as those,  
With other fancies move,  
Or, if my breast did close,  
But common Straines of Love:

Or pissions stave,  
Learnd me no more,  
To feele then others doe:  
I'de paint my cares,  
As black as theirs,  
And teach my Lynes to wooe.

But oh! I brice happy yee,  
Whose meane conceit is dull;  
You from those those thoughts are free,  
That stuffe my breast so full:

My loves excesse,  
Lets to expresse,  
What Songs are used to:  
And my delights,  
Take such high flight,  
My loyes will me undoe.

## THE MISTRESSE

I have a Love that's faire,  
Rich, wise, and Nobly borne;  
Shee's true Perfections beire,  
Holds nought but Vice in scorne.

A heart to find,  
More chaste, more kind,  
Our Plaines afford no more.  
Of her degree,  
No blab I be,  
For doubt, some Prince should wooe.

And yet I doe not feare,  
(Though she my meanesse knowes)  
The Willow Branch to weare,  
No, nor the yellow bose.

For, if great love  
should sue for love,  
she would not me forgoe:

Resort I may,  
By night or day.  
Which braver, dare not doe.

You Gallants, borne to pelfe,  
To Lands, to Titles floure;  
I'me borne but to my Selfe,  
Nor doe I care for more.

Adde to your earth,  
Wealth, Honours, Birth,  
And all you can thereto;

You cannot prove,  
That height of Love,  
Which, I in meanesse doe.

## OF PHILARETE.

Great Men haue helps to gaine,  
Those fauours they implore;  
Which, though I winne with paine,  
I find my ioyes the more.

Sach Clowne may rise,  
And climbe the skies,  
When he hath found a Staire;  
But ioy to him  
That dares to climbe,  
And hath no helpe, but ayres

Some say, that Love repents,  
Where Fortunes disagree;  
I know the high'st contents,  
From low beginnings be.

My love's unfain'd,  
To her that daign'd,  
From Greatnelle, stoop thereto.  
She loves, cause I.  
So meane, dar'd trie  
Her better worth to wooe.

And yet although much ioy,  
My Fortune seemes to blesse;  
Tis mixt with more annoy,  
Then I shall ere expresse:  
For, with much paine  
Did I obtaine,  
The Iem Ile nere forgoe:  
Which, yet I dare  
Nor shew, nor weare;  
And that breeds all my woe.

## THE MISTRESSE

But fie, my foolish tongue,  
How loosely now it goes!  
First, let my Knell be rung,  
Ere I doe more disclose.

Mount thoughts on high;  
Cease words, for why:

My meaning to divine:  
To those I leave,  
That can conceive,  
So brave a Love as mine.

And now no more Ile sing,  
Among my fellow Swaines:  
Nor Groves nor Hillcs shall ring,  
With Echoes of my plainer,  
My Measures be  
Confus'd (you see)  
And will not sue thereto:  
Cause, I have more  
Brave thoughts in store,  
Then words can reach unto.

Sonnet



# OF PHILARETE.

## Sonnet 2:

Hence away, you Syrens leave me;  
And unclasp your wanton Armes;  
Sugred words shall ne're deceive me,  
(Though thou prove a thousand Charms)

Fie, fie, forbear;

No common snare,

Could ever my affection chaine:

Your painted baits,

And poore deceits,

Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'me no slave to such as you be;

Neit ber shall a snowy Brest,

Wanton Eye, or Lip of Ruby,

Ever rob me of my rest.

Goe, goe, display

Your beauties ray,

To some ore-soon enamour'd Swaine

Those common wiles,

Of sighs and smiles,

Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere, vowed a duty,

Turne away thy tempting eyes.

Shew not me a naked Beautie,

Those Impostures I despise.

My Spirit lothes,

Where gawdy clothes,

And fained Oibes, may love obtaine.

I love Her so,

Whose looke, swears No;

That all your labours will be vaine.

## THE MISTRESSE

Can be prize the tainted Pofins,  
Which on every brest are worne;  
That may plucke the Spotlesse Roses,  
From their never-touched Thorne?

I can goe rest,  
On her sweet Brest;  
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:  
Then hold your tongues,  
Your Mermaid Songs,  
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

Hes's a foole, that basely dallies,  
Where each Peasant mates with him;  
Shall I haunt the thronged Vallies,  
Whilst ther's noble Hills to climbe?

No, no; though Crownes  
Are shew'd with frownes,  
I know the best can but disdain:  
And chafe Ile prove;  
So shall your Love  
Be all bestowed, on me in vaine.

Yet, I would not daigne embraces,  
With the greatest fairest She,  
If another shew'd those graces,  
Which had been bestowed on Me.

I gave that One,  
My Love, where none  
Shall come to rob me of my gaine.  
Your sickle Hearts  
Makes Teares and Aits,  
And all, bestowed on me in vaine:

# OF PHILARETE.

I doe scorne to vow a Dutie,  
Where each lustfull Lad may wooe.  
Give me Her, whose Sun-like Beautie,  
Buzzards dare not soe unto.

She, she it is,  
Affords that blisse,  
For which I would refuse no paine,  
But such as you,  
Fond fooles adme;  
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Proud she seem'd in the beginning,  
And disdaind my looking on:  
But that coy one in the winning,  
Proves a true one being wonne.  
What ere betide,  
Shel nere divide,  
The favour she to me shall daigee.  
But, your fond love,  
Will fickle prove:  
And all that trust in you are vaine.

Therefore know, when I enjoy One,  
(And for love employ my breath)  
She I court shall be a coy one,  
Though I winne her with my death.  
A favour there,  
Few ayme at dare:  
And if perhaps, some Lover plaine,  
She is not wonne,  
Nor I undone,  
By placing of my love in vaine.

## THE MISTRESSE

Leave me then, you Syrens leave me;  
Seek no more to work my harmes:  
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me;  
Who am proofe against your Charmes.

You labour may,  
To lead astray,  
The heart, that constant shall remaine:  
And I the while,  
Will sit and smile,  
To see you spend your time in vaine.

### Sonnet 3.

When Philomela with her straines,  
The Spring had welcom'd in;  
And Flora to bestrow the plaines,  
With Daisies did begin:  
My Love and I (on whom suspitious eyes,  
Had set a thousand spies)  
To cosen Argos strove;  
And seen of none,  
We got alone,  
Into a shady Grove.

On every bush the Eglantine,  
With leaves perfum'd hung,  
The Primrose made the hedge-rows fine,  
The woods, of Musicke rung.  
The Earth, the Ayre, and all things did conspire  
To raise contentment higher,  
That had I come to woe:  
Nor meanes of grace,  
Nor time, nor places,  
Were wanting therunto.

with

## OF PHILARETE.

With hand in hand, alone we walke,  
And of each other eyde:  
Of Love, and passions past, we talke,  
Which our yoores hearts hath tride.  
Our souls, infus'd into each other were,  
And what may be her care,  
Did my more sorrow breed.  
One mind we bore;  
One Faith we swore:  
And both in one agreed.

Her dainty Palme I gently prest,  
And with her Lips I plaid.  
My Cheek upon her panting Brest,  
And on her Neck I laid.  
And yet we had no sense of wanton lust:  
Nor did we then mistrust  
The poison in the sweet.  
Our Bodies wroughe  
So close, we thought,  
Because our Soules should meet.

With pleasant soyle, we breathlesse grew,  
And kist in warmer blood:  
Vpon her Lips, the Hony-dew,  
Like drops of Roses flood;  
And on those Flowers plaid I the busie Bee;  
Whose sweets were such to me,  
Them could I not forget,  
No, not to feast,  
On Venus Brest;  
Whence streames of sweetnesse flow.

## THE MISTRESSE

But, kissing and embracing, we  
So long together lay;  
Her touches all inflamed me,  
And I began to stray.  
My hands presum'd so far, they were too bold.  
My tongue, unwisely told  
How much my heart was chang'd:  
And Virtue quite,  
Was put to flight,  
Or for the time estrang'd.

Oh! what are we, if in our strength,  
We over-boldly trust?  
The strongest forts, will yeeld at length.  
And so our Virtues must.  
In Me, no force of Reason had prevaild;  
If she had also faild.  
But ere I further straid,  
She sighing kist,  
My naked wrist;  
And thus, in teares she said.

Sweet heart (quoth she) if in thy brest,  
Those Virtues really be,  
Which hitherto thou hast profess'd,  
And I believ'd in thee:  
Thy Selfe and Me, abstain not to abuse.  
Whilst Thee I thus refuse,  
In hotter flames I frie:  
Yet, let us not,  
Our true loves spot,  
Oh, rather let me die.

# OF PHILARETE.

For, if thy heart should fall from good,  
What would become of mine?

As strong a passion, stirres by blood,  
As can distemper thine.

Tis in my brest this rage I (mother would  
Though it consume me should;  
And my desires contain.

For, where we see,  
Such breaches be,  
They seldom stop againe.

Are we the two, that have so long,  
Each others loves imbrac't?

And never did Affection wrong,  
Nor think a thought unchast?

And shall, oh, shall we now, our manlyes ioy,  
For one poor touch destroy?

And all content forgoe?

Oh no, my Deare,

Sweet heart, for beare;

I will not loose thee so.

For, should we do a deed so base,  
(As it can neuer be)

I could no more have seen thy face,

Nor wouldst thou look on me.

I should of all our passions grow asham'd,

And blush when thou art nam'd,

Tea (though thou constant wert)

I being nough,

A iealous thought,

Would still torment my heart.

## THE MISTRESSE

What goodly thing do we obtain,  
If I consent to bee?  
Rare ioyes we loose, and what we gaine;  
But common pleasures be:  
Yea, those (some say) who are to lust enclind,  
Drive Love out of the mind;  
And so much Reason misse:  
That they admire,  
What kind of fire,  
A chaste affliction is.

No vulgar blisse I aymed at,  
When first I heard thee wooe:  
Ile never prize a man for that,  
Which ever Groome can doe.  
If that be true, the basest men that be,  
Doe love as well as we.  
Who, if we beare us well,  
Doe passe them then,  
As Angels, men  
In glory doe excell.

Whilst thus she spake, a cruell Band  
Of Passions ceazd my Soule:  
And, what one seemed to command,  
Another did controule.  
Twixt Good and ill, I did divided be.  
But, as I rais'd mine eye,  
In her me thought I saw  
Those virtues shine,  
Whose rayes divine,  
First gave Desire a Law.



## OF PHILARETE.

With that, I felt the blush of shame,  
Into my cheek return;  
And Love, did with a chaster flame,  
Within my Bosome burne.  
My soule, her light of reason had renew'd;  
And by those beames I view'd,  
How stily Lust ensnares,  
And all the fires,  
Of ill Desires,  
I quenched with my Teares.

Get Wantons now, and stout at this  
My coldnesse, if you list;  
Vaine fooles, you never knew the blisse,  
That doth in Love consist,  
You sigh, and weep, and labour to enjoy,  
A Shide, a Dreame, a Toy.  
Poore folly you pursue,  
And are unblest,  
Since every beast,  
In pleasure equals you.

You never took so rich content,  
In all your wanton play,  
As this to me hath pleasure lent,  
That Chast she went away.  
For as some sins, which we committed have;  
Sharp stings behind them leave.  
Whereby we vexed are:  
So, ill suppress,  
Begetteth rest,  
And peace, without compare:

## THE MISTRESSE

But lest this Conquest slight you make,  
Which on my selfe I wonne;  
Twelve labours I will undertake,  
With loves victorious Sonne,  
Ere I will such another brunt endure.

For, had Diana pure,  
Thus tempted been to sinne;  
That Queen of Night,  
With her chaste light,  
Had scarce a Maiden bin.

---

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Oh

# OF PHILARETE.

O H! how honor'd are my Songs;  
 Grac't by your melodious tongues?  
 And how pleasing doe they seem,  
 Now your voyces Carroll them?  
 Were not, yet that taske to do,  
 Which my word inioynes me to,  
 I should begge of you, to heare,  
 What your owne inventions were.

But, (before I ought will crave)  
 What I promis'd, you shall have.  
 And, as I on mortall Creatures,  
 Gald, to view her bodies features;  
 Shewing how to make the Senses,  
 Apprehend her excellences.  
 Now, I speake of no worse subiect,  
 Then a Soules, and Reasons object:  
 (And relate a Beauties glories,  
 Fitting heavenly *Auditories*)  
 Therefore, whilst I sit and sing,  
 Oh Hemme me *Angels*, in a Ring.  
 Come ye *Spirits*, which have eyes,  
 That can gaze on Deities:  
 And unclog'd, with brutish senses,  
 Comprehend such excellences.  
 Or, if any mortall care,  
 Would be granted leave to heare,  
 (And find profit with delight,  
 In what now I shall indite)  
 Let him first be sure, to season  
 A prepared heart with reason:  
 And, with iudgement, drawing nigh,  
 Lay all fond affections by.

So,

## THE MISTRESSE

So, through all her vailings, He  
Shall the Soule of beaurie see.

But, avoid you earth bred Wights,  
Cloud with sensuall appetites.  
On base objects glut your eyes,  
Till your starveling pleasure dyes.  
Feed your eares with such delights,  
As may match your grosse conceits;  
For, within your muddy brain,  
These, you never can contain.

Think not you, who by the sence,  
Only iudge of excellence;  
(Or doe all contentment place,  
In the beaury of a face)  
That these higher thoughts of our,  
Scare so base a pitch as you.  
I can give as well as you,  
Outward Beauties all their due:  
I can most contentments see,  
That in love or women be.

Though I dote not on the features,  
Of our daintiest female creatures;  
(Nor, was eise so void of shames,  
As to play their lawlesse games)  
I more prize a snowy Hand,  
Then the gold on *Tagus* strand:  
And a dainty Lippe before  
All the greatest Monarchs store;  
Yea, from these I reape as true,  
And as large contents as you.

Yet, to them I am not tide,  
I have rarer sweets espide;  
(Wider prospects of true pleasure)  
Then your curbed thoughts can measure.

## OF PHILARETE.

In her Soule, my Soule deserier,  
Obiects, that may feed her eyes.  
And the beauty of her mind,  
Shewes my Reason where to find,  
All my former pleasure doubled.  
Neither with such passion troubled;  
As wherewith it oft was crost:  
Nor so easie to be lost.

I, that ravisht lay, wel nigh,  
By the lustre of her eye:  
And, had almost sworne affection,  
To the fore express't perfection;  
As if nothing had been higher,  
Whereunto I might aspire.  
Now, have found, by seeking nearer,  
Inward worth, that shining clearer;  
(By a sweet and secret moving)  
Drawes me to a dearer loving.  
And, whilst I that love conceive,  
Such impressions it doth leave,  
In the intellectuall part;  
As, defaceth from my heart,  
Ev'ry thought of those delights,  
Which allure base appetits.  
And, my mind so much employes,  
In contemplating those ioyes,  
Which, a purer sight doth find,  
In the beauty of her mind:  
That, I so thereon am set,  
As (me thinks) I could forget,  
All her sweetest outward graces:  
Though I lay in her embraces.

But, some think n<sup>g</sup> with a smile,  
What they would have done the while:

Now

## THE MISTRESSE

Now suppose my words are such,  
As exceed my power too much,  
For, all thole, our Wantons hold,  
Void of Vigor, dull and cold:  
Or (at best) but fools, whose flame,  
Makes not way unto their shame.  
Though at length with griefe they see  
They the fooles do prove to be.

These, the body so much minded,  
That their reason over-blinded,  
By the pleasures of the Sense,  
Hides from them that excellences;  
And that sweetnesse, whose true worth,  
I am here to blazon forth.

Tis not; tis not, those rare graces,  
That do lurke in womens faces.  
Tis not, a displayd perfection,  
Youthfull eyes, nor cleare complexion;  
Nor a skin, smooch fatten like,  
Nor a dainty Rosie cheek,  
That to wantonnesse can move,  
Such as vertuously do love:  
*Beauty*, rather gently drawes  
Wild Desires, to Reason's Lawes;  
And oft frights men from that sin,  
They had else transgressed in:  
Through a sweet amazement, strooke,  
From an over-ruling look.  
*Beautie* never tempteth men  
To lasciviousnesse; but when  
Carelesse idlenesse hath brought  
Wicked longings into thought.  
Nor doth youth, or heat of blood,  
Make men prove what is not good.

## OF PHILARTE.

Nor the strength of which they vaunt,  
Tis the strength, and power they want,  
And the basenesse of the Mind,  
Makes their bruite desires inclind,  
To pursue those vaine delights,  
Which affect their Appetites.  
And so blinded do they grow,  
(Who are overtaken so)  
As their dulnesse cannot see,  
Nor beleeve that better be.  
Some have bloud as hot as their,  
Whose affections loosest are;  
Bodies that require no art,  
To supply weake *Natures* part.  
Youth they have; and, sure, might to,  
Boast of what, some (shamelesse doe)  
Yet, their Minds that aime more high,  
(Then thole baser pleasures lye)  
Taught by *Virtue* can suppress,  
All attempts of wantonnesse.  
And such powerfull motives frame,  
To extinguish *Passions* flame;  
That (by reasons good direction)  
Qualifying loose affection;  
They'l in midst of Beauties fires,  
Walke unscorcht of ill Desires.

Yet, no such, as stupid shame,  
Keeps from actions worthy blame.  
But, in all so truly Man,  
That their apprehensions can  
Prize the bodies utmost worth;  
And, find many pleasures forth,  
In those Beauties; more then you,  
That abuse them, ever knew.

But,

## THE MISTRESSE

But, perhaps her outward grace,  
Here describ'd, hath tane such place,  
In some ore-enamoured breast,  
And so much his heart possest,  
As he thinks it passeth telling,  
How she may be more excell'g:  
Or what worth, I can prefer,  
To be more admit'd in Her.  
Therefore, now I will be brieft,  
To prevent that misbeliefe.  
And, if there be present here,  
Any one, whose nicer care:  
Taskes my *Measures*, as offending,  
In too seriously commending  
What affects the Sense; or may,  
Iniure Virtue any way,  
Let them know, 'tis understood,  
That if they were truly good,  
It could never breed offence,  
That I shewd the excellence,  
With the power of God and Nature,  
In the beauty of his creature.  
They from thence would rather raise,  
Cause, to meditate his praise:  
And thus thinke; *How faire must He,*  
*That hath made this Faire-one be!*

That, was my proposed end,  
And, to make them more attend  
Vnto this; so much excell'g,  
As it passeth meanes of telling.

But at worst; if any straine,  
Makes your *Memories* retaine,  
Sparks of such a banefull fire,  
As may kindle ill desire:



## OF PHILARETE.

This, that followes after, shall  
 Not alone extinguisht all,  
 But, ev'n make you blush with shame,  
 That your thoughts were so to blame.  
 Yet, I know, when I have done,  
 (In respect of that bright *Sunne*,  
 Whose inestimable light  
 I would blazon to your sight)  
 These ensuing flashes, are,  
 As to *Synthia's* beames a Starre;  
 Or, a petty Comets ray,  
 To the glorious Eye of Day.  
 For, what power of words or Art,  
 Can her worth at full impart?  
 Or, what is there, may be found,  
 Plac'd within the Senses bound;  
 That can paint those sweets to me,  
 Which the eyes of Love doe see?  
 Or the Beauties of that Mind,  
 Which her body hath enshrin'd.

Can I thinke, the *Guide of Heaven*,  
 Hath so bountifully given,  
 Outward features, cause he meant,  
 To have made lesse excellent,  
 Her divine part? Or suppose,  
*Beauty, Goodnesse* doth oppose;  
 Like those fooles, who doe despaire,  
 To find any Good and Faire?  
 Rather, there I seek a mind,  
 Most excell'g, where I find  
 God hath to the body lent,  
 Most-beseeming Ornament.  
 But, though he that did inspire  
 First, the true *Promethean* fire.

## THE MISTRESSE

In each severall soule did place  
Equall excellence and Grace,  
As some think; yet have not they  
Equall beauties every way.  
For, they more or lesse appeare,  
As the outward *Organs* are:  
Following much the temp'rature  
Of the body, grosse or pure.  
And I doe beleeeve it true,  
That, as we the Body view:  
Nearer to perfection grow;  
So, the *Soule* her selfe doth show:  
Others more, and more excelling,  
In her power; as in her dwelling.  
For, that putrefaction giveth way,  
Better to disclose each Ray,  
To the dull conceit of man,  
Then a greater substance can.  
Thus, through spotlesse *Chrystall*, we  
May the *Dayes* full glory see,  
When, if clearest Sunbeames passe,  
Through a foule polluted glasse:  
So discoloured they'l appeare;  
As those Stains they shone through, were.  
Let no *Criticke* cavill then,  
If I dare affirme agen;  
That her minds perfections are,  
Fairer then her Bodie's far;  
And, I need not prove it by  
*Axioms of Philosophy*,  
Since no prooffe can better be,  
Then their rare effect in me.  
For, while other men complaining,  
Tell their *Mistresses* disdainings

## OF PHILARETE.

Free from care, I write a storie,  
 Only of her worth and glory.  
 While most Lovers pining sit,  
 (Rob'd of libertie and wit)  
 Vassaling themselves with shame,  
 To some proud imperious *Dame* :  
 Or, in Songs their Fate bewailing,  
 Shew the world their faithles saying,  
 I, enwreath'd with boughs of *Myrtle*,  
 Fare like the beloved *Turtle*.

Yea while most, are most untoward,  
 Peevish, vaine, inconstant, froward,  
 While their best contentments bring,  
 Nought but after-sorrowing.  
 She, those childish humours slighting,  
 Hath conditions so delighting,  
 And doth so my blisse indeavour,  
 As my ioy increaseth euer.

By her actions I can see,  
 That her *Passions* so agree,  
 Vnto *Reason*, as they erre,  
 Seldome to distemper her.

*Love* she can (and doth) but so,  
 As she will not overthrow,  
 Loves content by any folly,  
 Or, by deeds that are unholy:  
 Dotingly, she nere affects;  
 Neither willingly neglects  
 Honest love: but meanes doth find,  
 With discretion to be kind.

'Tis not thundring *Phrase* nor *Othes*,  
 Honors, wealth, nor painted Clothes.  
 That can her good liking gaine,  
 If no other worth remaine.

## THE MISTRESSE

Never took her heart, delight  
In your Court *Hermaphrodite*,  
Or such frothy Gallants, as  
For the times *Heroes* passe.  
Such; who (still in love) doe all  
*Faire*, and *Sweet*, and *Lady* call.  
And where e're they hap to stray,  
Either prate the rest away;  
Or, of all discourse to seek,  
Shuffle in at *Cens*, or *Gleeke*.

*Goodnesse* more delights her than,  
All their Maske of Follie can.  
Fond, she hateth to appeare,  
Though she hold her friend as deare,  
As her part of life unspent:  
Or, the best of her content.

If the heat of youthfull fires,  
Warms her blood with those desires,  
Which are by the course of Nature,  
Stir'd in every perfect Creature:  
As those *Passions* kindle, so  
Doth *Heavens* grace, and *Reason* grow  
Ablert, to suppress in her  
Those rebellions; and they stirre,  
Never more affection, then  
One good thought allayes agen.

I could say, so chaste is she,  
As the new-blowne *Roses* be.  
Or, the drifts of *Snow*, that none  
Ever toucht, or lookt upon.  
But, that were not worth a *Flie*,  
Seeing so much Chastitie,  
Old *Pigmaliions* Picture had:  
Yea, those *Synners* borne or made,

## OF PHILARETE.

Ne're to know Desire; might say,  
She deserv'd no more then they.  
Whereas, whilst their worth proceeds  
From such wants, as they must needs,  
Be unmov'd (cause Nature fram'd  
No affections to be tam'd)  
Through her dainty limbs, are spread,  
Vigour, heat, and freely shed,  
Life blood into every vaine;  
Till they fill, and swell againe:  
And no doubt they strive to force  
Way, in some forbidden Courte,  
Which, by Grace she still resists;  
And so courtes within their list,  
Thole Desires: that she is chaster,  
Then if she had none to master.

*Malice*, never lets she in:  
Neither hates she ought, but find  
*Envy* if she could admit,  
Ther's no meanes to nourish it:  
For, her gentle heart is pleas'd.  
When she knows anothers ca'd.  
And ther's none, who ever got  
That perfection, she hath nor,  
So, that no cause is there, why  
She should any one envy.

Mildly angry shee'll appeale,  
That the baser Rout may feare;  
Through presumption to misdoe.  
Yet, she often faines that so.  
But let wrong be whatsoever,  
She gives way to *Choller*, never.

If she e're of *Vengeance* thought,  
Twas nor life, nor bloud was sought;

## THE MISTRESSE

But (at most) some prayer to move,  
Iustice for abused Love;  
Or, that Fate would pay againe,  
Loves neglectors with disdain.

If she ever crav'd of Fate,  
To obtaine a higher State;  
(Or ambitiously were given)  
Sure, 'twas but to climbe to heaven,  
Pride, is from her heart as farre,  
As the Poles in distance are.  
For, her worth, nor all this praise,  
Can her humble spirit raise,  
Lesse to prize me, then before;  
Or her selfe, to value more.

Were she Vaine; she might alledge,  
'Twere her Sexes priviledge,  
But, shee's such; as (doubtlesse) no man  
Knowes lesse folly, in a woman.

To prevent a being Idle,  
Sometime, with her curious Needle,  
(Though it be her meanest glory)  
She so limnes an Antique story,  
As Minerva (would she rake it)  
Might her richest Sample make it.

Other while, againe, she rather  
Labors, with delight to gather  
Knowledge from such learned Writs,  
As are left by famous Wits.  
Where, she chiefly seeks to know,  
God; Her selfe; and what we owe  
To our Neighbour: since with these,  
Come all needfull Knowledges.

She, with Adam, never will  
Long to learne both Good and Ill;

## OF PHILARETE.

But, her state well understood,  
Rests her selfe, content with Good.

*Avarice*, abhorreth she,  
As the lothsom'st things that be:  
Since she knowes it is an ill,  
That doth ipest vertue kill.  
And, where ere it comes to rest,  
(Though in some strict Matrons breast)  
Be she ne're so seeming iust,  
He no shewes of Goodnesse trust.  
For, if you but gold can bring;  
Such, are hit'd to any thing.

If you think she lealous be;  
You are wide. For, credit me,  
Her strong'st lealousies, nought are,  
Other then an honest care,  
Of her friends. And, most can tell,  
Who so wants that, Loves not well.

Though some little feare she shewes,  
'Tis no more then love allowes:  
So the passion d. not move her,  
Till the grieve, or wrong her lover.  
She may think He may do ill;  
Though, thee'l not beleve he will.  
Nor, can she ha a harmlesse thought,  
Blemish true affection ought:  
Rather, when as else it would,  
Through security grow cold,  
This her Passion, keeping measure,  
Strengthens Love, and sweetens Pleasure.

*Cruel* y her soule detests;  
For, within her bosome rests,  
Noblest *Pitty*; usher'd by,  
An unequal'd Courtisie.

## THE MISTRESSE

And, is griev'd at good mens moane,  
As if the griefe were all her owne.

Iust she is; so iust, that I  
Know she would not wrong a Flye;  
Or, oppresse the meanest thing,  
'To be Mistresse to a King.

If our *Painters* would include,  
*Temperance* and *Fortitude*,  
In one Picture; She would fit,  
For the nonce to patterne itt  
Patient as the *Lamb* is she.  
Harmelesse, as the *Turtles* be.  
Yea, so largely stor'd, with all  
Which we Mortals *Goodnesse* call;  
That, if ever *Virtue* were,  
Or may be, incarnate here;  
This is she, whose praises, I  
Offer to Eternitie.

Shes no Image trim'd about,  
Faire within, and foule without;  
But a *Jewell* that doth appeare,  
Like the *Diamond*, every where,  
Sparkling rayes of Beautie forth;  
All of such unblemisht worth,  
That were possible. your eye  
Might her inmost thoughts espie,  
And behold the dimmest part,  
Of the lustre in her heart:  
It would find that *Center* passe,  
What the *Superficies* was.  
And, that every angle there,  
Like a *Diamonds* inside were.

For, although that Excellence  
Passe the piercingst Eye of Sence;



## OF PHILARETE.

By their operations we,  
 Guesse at things that hidden be.  
 So (beyond our common reach)  
 Wise men can by Reason teach,  
 What the influences been,  
 Of a *Planet*, when unseen;  
 Of the Beautie of a *Starre*,  
 That doth shine above us farre.  
 So, by that wide-beaming Light,  
 Wherewith *Titan* Courrs our sight,  
 By his cloathing of the Earth;  
 By the wondrous, various Birth,  
 Of new Creatures, yeerely bred  
 Through his heat, and nourished:  
 And by many Virtues moe  
 (Which our Senses reach unto)  
 We conclude; they are not all,  
 Which make faire that goodly *Ball*.

Though she prize her honour more,  
 Then the far-fetcht precious store  
 Of the rich *Molucchi*, or  
 All the wealth was traffickt for,  
 Since our *Vessels*, passage knew  
 Vnto *Mexico*, *Peru*:  
 Or thole spacious Kingdomes, which  
 Make the proud *Iberians* rich.  
 Tis not that uncertaine blast,  
 Keeps my *Mistresse* Good, or Chast.  
 She, that but for honours sake,  
 Doth of ill a Conscience make;  
 (More in feare what Rumour sayes,  
 Then in love to vertuous wayes)  
 Though she seem'd more civill than,  
 You have seen a Courtezan,

## THE MISTRESSE

For an honor: And cries *Oh fie,*  
At each shew of vanitie.  
Though she censure all that be,  
Not so foolish coy as she.  
Though she with the *Roman Dame*  
Kill her selfe, to purchase fame.  
She would prostitute become,  
To the meanest basest Groomer;  
If so closely they may doe it,  
As the world should never know it.  
So at best those women prove,  
That for honour; virtue love.  
Give me her, that Goodnesse chuseth  
For it owne sake: And refuseth  
To have greatest honors gain'd,  
With her secret conscience stain'd.  
Give me her, that would be poore;  
Die disgrac't, nay, thought a whoore;  
And each Times reproch become,  
Till the generall day of Doome:  
Rather then consent to act  
Pleasing sinne, though by the fact,  
(With esteem of vertuous) she  
Might the *German Emperesse* be.  
Such my *Mistresse* is; and nought  
Shall have power to change her thought.  
Plaasures cannot tempt her eye,  
On their Bayts to glance awry.  
For their good she still esteemes,  
As it is; not as it seemes:  
And, she takes no comfort in  
Sweetest pleasure, sower'd with Sin.  
By her selfe, she hath such care,  
That her actions decent are,

For,

# OF PHILARETE.

For, were she in secret hid,  
None might see her what she did,  
She would doe, as if for spies,  
Every wall were stucke with eyes.  
And be chary of her honour,  
Cause the heavens do look upon her,  
And, oh what had power to move,  
Flames of Lust, or wanton love,  
So farre, to disparage us,  
If we all, were minded thus?  
These are Beauties that shall last,  
When the Crimson blood shall wast;  
And the shining Haire waxe gray,  
Or with age be worne away.  
These yeeld pleasures, such as might  
Be remembred with delight;  
When we gaspe our latest breath,  
On the loathed bed of death.

Though discretely speake she can,  
Shee'l be silent, rather than  
Talke while others may be heard.  
As if she did hate, or fear'd,  
Their Condition; who will force  
All, to wait on their discourse.  
*Reason* hath on her bestowed  
More of knowledge, then she owed  
To that Sex. and *Grace* wish it,  
Doth aright her Practise fit.

Yet, hath *Fate* so framed her,  
As she may at sometime, erre:  
But, if ere her iudgement stray,  
Tis that other women may,  
Those much pleasing Beauties see,  
Which in yeelding Natures be.

## THE MISTRESSE

For, since no perfection can  
Here on earth be found in *Man*,  
Ther's more good in free submissions,  
Then ther's ill in our transgressions.  
Should you heare her, once, contend,  
In discoursing, to defend  
(As she can) a doubtfull Cause:  
She such strong Positions drawes  
From known Truths, and doth apply,  
Reasons with such Maiestic:  
As if she did undertake,  
From some *Oracle* to speake.  
And you could nor think, what might  
Breed more love, or more delight.

Yet, if you should mark agen,  
Her discreet behaviour, when  
She finds reason to repent  
Some wrong-pleaded *Argument*.  
She so temperately lets all  
Her mis-held opinions fall;  
And, can with such mildnesse bow:  
As 'twill more enamour you,  
Then her knowledge. For, there are  
Pleasing sweets without compare  
In such yeeldings; which doe prove,  
*Wis*, *Humilitie*, and *Love*.

Yea, by those mistakings; you  
Her Condition so shall know,  
(And the nature of her mind,  
So undoubredly shall find)  
As will make her, more endeared,  
Then if she had never erred.

Farther; thar she nought may misse,  
Which worth praise in woman is:

This,

## OF PHILARETE:

This, unto the rest I add,  
 If I wound, or sicknesse had;  
 None should for my curing runne.  
 (No nor to *Apoll's* sonne)  
 She, so well, the *Virtus* knowes,  
 Of each needfull Hearb that growes;  
 And so fitly can apply,  
 Salves to every Malady:  
 That, if she, no succour gave me,  
 Twere no meanes of *Art* could save me!

Should my Soule oppressed lye,  
 (Sunke with griefe and sorrow nigh)  
 She hath balme for minds distrest;  
 And could ease my painted breast.  
 She so well knowes how to season,  
*Passionate* discourse with *Reason*;  
 And knowes how to sweeten it,  
 Both with so much love and wit;  
 That, it shall prepare the Sence,  
 To give way with lesse offence.  
 For, grieved minds can ill abide,  
 Counsell churlishly appli'd:  
 Which, instead of comfortings;  
 Desperation, often brings.

But, harke *Nymphs*: me thinks, I heare:  
 Musicke, sounding in mine eare:  
 Tis a *Lute*: And hee's the best  
 For a Voice, in all the *West*,  
 That doth touch it. And the Swaine,  
 I would have you heare so faine,  
 That my *Song*, forbear will I,  
 To attend his melodies:

Hither comes he, day by day,  
 In these Groves to sing and plays.

## THE MISTRESSE

And, in y<sup>e</sup> n cloſe Arbor, He  
Sitteth now, expecting me.  
He, ſo baſhfull is; that mute  
Will his Tongue be, and his *Lute*,  
Should be happen to eſpie  
This, unlookt for company.

If you, therefore liſt to heare him,  
Let's with ſilence walke more neer him.  
Twill be worth your pains (belceve me)  
(If a Voice, content may give yee)  
And, await you ſhall not long;  
For, He now begins a *Song*.

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What

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# OF PHILARETE.

## Sonnet I.

**VV**Hat is the cause, when elsewhere I resort,  
I have my Gestures, and Discourse more free?  
And (if I please) can any Beauty Court,  
Yet stand so dull, and so demure by thee?  
Why are my speeches broken, whilst I talke?  
Why doe I feare almost thy hand to touch?  
Why dare I not embrace thee as we walk,  
Since, with the greatest Nymphs I've dar'd as much)  
Ah! know that none of those I e're affected;  
And therefore, us'd a carelesse Courtship there:  
Because, I neither their Disdaine respected,  
Nor reckon'd them, or their embraces deare.  
But, loving Thee, my Love hath found consent;  
And rich delights, in things indifferent.

## Sonnet 2.

**VV**hy covet I, thy blessed eyes to see;  
Whose sweet aspect, may cheere the saddest mind?  
Why, when our bodies must divided be,  
Can I no houre of rest, or pleasure find?  
Why doe I sleeping stare, and waking mone,  
To find, that of my dreamed Hopes I misse?  
Why, do I often contemplate alone,  
Of such a thing as thy Perfection is?  
And wherefore, when we meet, doth Passion stop  
My specklesse Tongue, and leave me in a panting?

Why?

# THE MISTRESSE

Why doth my heart o're chargd with feare and hope,  
(In sight of Reason) almost droop to fainting?  
Because in Me thy excellencies moving,  
Have drawn me to an Excellence in loving.

## Sonnet 3:

Faire, since thy Virtues my affections move,  
And I have vowd, my purpose is to ioyne,  
(In an eternall bond of chasteſt Love)  
Our Soules, to make a Mariage most diuine.  
Why (thou maiſt think) then, ſeemeth be to prize,  
An outward Beauties fading bew so much?  
Why, doth he read ſuch Lectures in mine eyes?  
And often ſtrive my tender palme to touch?  
Oh pardon my preſuming: For I ſwaare,  
My Love is ſoyled, with no luſtfull ſpot:  
Thy Soules perfections, through thoſe vailes appeare,  
And I haſte faint, that I embrace them not.  
No ſoule Deſires doth make thy touches ſweet,  
But, my Soule ſtriveth, with thy Soule to meet.

## Sonnet



OF PHILARETE.

Sonnet 4.

SHall I wasting in Dispaire,  
Dye because a Womans faire?  
Or make pale my cheek with care,  
Cause anothers Rosie are?  
Be she fairer then the Day,  
Or the Flowery Meads in May;  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how faire she be.

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd,  
Cause I see a Woman kind?  
Or a well disposed Nature,  
loyned with a lovely Feature?  
Be she meeke, kinder, than  
Turtle-Dove, or Pelican:  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I, how kind she be.

net Shall a Womans Virtues move,  
Me to perishe for her love?  
Or, her well-deserving known,  
Make me quite forget mine owne?  
Be she with that Goodnesse blest,  
Which may gaine her name, of Best:  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be.

## THE MISTRESSE

Cause her Fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and dye?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think, that wish them, they would do,  
That without them dare to wooe.

And, unlesse that mind I see,  
What care I, though great she be,

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,  
I will ne're the more dispaire,  
If she love me, this belaeve;  
I will dye, e're she shall grieve.  
If she slight me, when I wooe;  
I can scorne, and let her goe.

For, if she be not for me,  
What care I, for whom she be.

Sonnet

# OF PHILARETE.

## Sonnet 5.

W'andred out a while agoe,  
And went I know not whither:  
But, there do Beauties many a one,  
Resort, and meet together.  
And Cupids power will there be shewne,  
If ever you come thither.

For, like two Sunnes, two Beauties bright,  
I shining saw together.  
And, tempted by their double light,  
My eyes I fixt on either:  
Till both at once, so thral'd my sight,  
I lov'd, and knew not whether.

Such equall sweet Venus gave,  
That I prefer'd not either.  
And when for love, I thought to crave,  
I knew not well of whether.  
For, one while, This, I wish't to have,  
And then, I That, had leiser.

A Lover of the curioust Eye,  
Might have been pleas'd in either.  
And so, I must confesse, might I,  
Had they not been together.  
Now, both must love, or both deny,  
In one, enjoy I neither.

But yet at last I scape the smart,  
I fear'd, at coming thither.  
For, seeing my divided heart,  
I chusing, knew not whether.  
Love angry grew, and did depart,  
And now, I care for neither.

See

# THE MISTRESSE

SEe; these Trees so ill did hide us,  
 That the Shepheard hath espide us:  
 And (as iealous of his cunning)  
 All in hast away is running.  
 To entreat him backe againe,  
 Would be labour spent in vaine.  
 You may therefore, now, betake ye  
 To the Musicke I can make ye;  
 Who, doe purpose my Invention,  
 Shall pursue my first intention.

For, in *Her* (whose worth I tell)  
 Many excellences dwell,  
 Yet unmention'd. whole perfections  
 Worthy are of best affections.

That, which is so rare to find,  
 Both in Man, and Womankind:  
 That; whose absence *Love* defaceth,  
 And both Sexes more disgraceth,  
 Then the spight of furrowed *Age*,  
*Sicknesses*, or *Sorrows* rage;  
 That's the Jewell so diuine,  
 Which doth on her Forehead shine.  
 And, therewith endowed is *She*,  
 In an excellent degree.

CONSTANCY (I meane) the purest  
 Of all *Beauties*; and the surest.  
 For, who ere doth that possesse,  
 Hath an endlesse lovelinesse,

All Afflictions, Labours, Crosses,  
 All our Dangers, Wounds and Losses,  
 Games of Pleasure, we can make,  
 For that matchlesse *Womans* sake;

## OF PHILARETE.

In whose brest that Virtue bideth :

And we ioy what e're betideth.

Most dejected *Hearts* it gladdeth,

Twenty thousand glories addeth

Vnto *Beauties* brightest Ray :

And, preserves it from decay.

Tis the *Salt*, that's made to season,

*Beauty*, for the use of *Reason*.

Tis the Vernish, and the Oyling,

Keeps her colours fresh from spoyling.

Tis an Excellence, whereby

*Age*, though ioynd with *Poverty*,

Hath more deare affection wonne,

Then fresh *Youth*, and *Wealth* have done?

Tis a Loveliness, endearing

*Beauties*, scarce worth note, appearing;

Whilst a fairer fickle *Dam*,

Nothing gaires, but scorne and shame.

Further; tis a *Beautie*, such

As I can nor praise too much,

Nor frame *Measures*, to expresse.

No; nor any man, unlesse

He, who (more then all men cross)

Finds it in that *Woman* lost;

On whose Faith, he would have pawnd

Life, and all he could command.

Such a Man may by that Mistle

Make us know how deare it is;

When, o're charg'd with griefe, he shall

Sigh, and breake his heart withall.

This is that *Perfection*, which

In her favour makes me rich.

All whose *beauties* (nam'd before)

Elle, would but torment me mo. e.

And,

## THE MISTRESSE

And, in having this, I find,  
(What e're haps) a quiet mind :  
Yea, tis that, which I do prize,  
Farre above her Lips, her Eyes :  
Or, that generall Beauty, whence  
Shines each severall Excellence.

For, alas! what gaine hath he,  
Who may clip the fairest *she*  
(That the name of *Woman* beares)  
If, unhappily, he feares,  
Any others Worth, may win,  
What he thought his own had bin?  
Him, Base minded deem I should,  
Who (although he were in Hold,  
Wrapt in chaines) would not disdain,  
*Love* with her to entertaine  
That both daughter to a *Peere*,  
And most rich and lovely were;  
When a brainlesse *Gull* shall dare,  
In her, favours with him share :  
Or, the Action of a *Player*,  
Rob him of a Hope so faire.

This, I dread not: For, I know,  
Strained gestures, painted show,  
Shamelesse boastings, borrowed Iests,  
Female Looks, gay-plumed Crests,  
Vowes nor protestations vaine,  
(Wherwith fools are made so vaine)  
Move her can; save to contemne,  
Or perhaps, to laugh at them.

Neither can I doubt, or feare,  
Time shall either change or weare  
This her *Vertue*: Or, impaire  
That which makes her Soule, so faire.

## OF PHILARETE.

In which *Trust*, great Comforts are,  
Which, the feare of losse, would mar.

Nor hath this my rare *Hope* stood,  
So much, in her being good;  
(With her love to blessed things)  
As in her acknowledgings,  
From a higher power to have them;  
And her love, to *Him* that gave them.

For, although to have a mind  
Naturally to Good incl n'd,  
(And to love it) would assure  
*Reason*, that it might endure.

Yet (since Man was first unjust)  
Ther's no warrant for such *Trust*.

*Virtues*, that most wonder win,  
Would converted be to Sin;

It their flourishing began,  
From no better Root, then *Man*.

Our best *Virtues*, when they are  
Of themselves, we may compare,

To the beautie of a Flower,  
That is blasted in an houre:

And, which growing to be fuller,  
Turnes into some loathed colour.

But, those being freely given,  
And confirm'd in us from heaven;

Have a promise on them past:

And for evermore shall last;

*Diamond*-like, their lustre clearing,  
More and more, by use and wearing.

But, if this rare *Worth* I praise,  
Should by *Fates* permission, raise  
Passions in some gentle Brests  
That distemper may his rest;

## THE MISTRESSE

(And be Author of such Treason,  
As might nigh endanger reason)  
Or, inforce his tongue to crave,  
What another man must have.  
Marke, in such a streight as this,  
How discret her dealing is.  
She is nothing of their humours,  
Who, their honour build on Rumours,  
And, had rather private sporting,  
Then allow of open courting:  
Nor of theirs, that would seem holy,  
By divulging others folly.  
Farther is she from their guife,  
That delight to Tyrannize,  
Or make boastings, in espying,  
Others for their favours dying.

She, a spirit doth possesse  
So repleat with Noblenesse,  
That, if she be there beloued,  
Where she ought not to be moved,  
Equally, to love againe,  
She, doth so well entertaine  
That affection; as ther's none  
Can suppose it ill bestowne.

From deluding, she is free:  
From dildaine, as tarre is she:  
And so feelingly beares part,  
Of what paines anothers heart;  
That no curse, of scorned dutie,  
Shall draw vengeance on her beauty.  
Rather, with so tender feare,  
Of her Honour, and their care,  
She is toucht; that neither shall,  
Wrong unto her selfe befall;



## OF PHILARETE.

(By the favour she doth show)  
 Nor will she neglect them so;  
 As may iust occasion give,  
 Any way to make them grieve.  
 Hope, she will not let them see,  
 Lest they should presuming be,  
 And aspire to that, which none,  
 Ever must enioy but One.  
 From *Despaire* she keeps them to,  
 Fearing, they might hap to do,  
 Either through *Loves* indiscretions,  
 (Or much over-stirred passions)  
 What, might with thir hurt and shame,  
 Into question call her name.  
 And a scandall on her bring,  
 Who is iust in every thing.  
 She hath markt how others runne;  
 And by them hath learnd to shunne,  
 Both their fault, who (overwise)  
 Erre, by being too precise:  
 And their folly that o're kind,  
 Are to all complaints inclin'd.  
 For, her wit hath found the way,  
 How a while to hold them play;  
 And, that inconvenience shunne,  
 Whereinto, both seeme to runne;  
 By allowing them a scope,  
 Iust betwixt *Despaire* and *Hope*.  
 Where confin'd, and reaching neither,  
 They do take a part in either:  
 Till, long living in suspence,  
 (Tyr'd by her indifference)  
 Time, at last, their *Passion* wearés,  
 (By *Passions* wearing, *Reason* cleares;

*Reason*

## THE MISTRESSE

*Reason* gives their *Iudgement* light;  
*Iudgement* bringeth all to right;  
So, their *Hope* appearing vaine,  
They become themselves againe.  
And, with high applauses, fit,  
For such *Virtue*, with such wit;  
They, that service onely profer,  
She may take, and they may offer:

Yet, this course she never proves;  
Save with those, whose virtuous Loves,  
Use the noblest meanes of gaining,  
Favours, worthy the obtaining,  
And, if such should chance to erre,  
(Either 'gainst themselves or her)  
In some over-sights, when they,  
Are through *Passion* led astray.  
She, so well mans frailtie knowes,  
With the Darts that *Beautie* throwes,  
As she will not adding terror,  
Breake the heart for one poor error.  
Rather (if still good they be)  
Twentie remedies hath she,  
Gently to apply, where *Sense*  
Hath invaded *Reasons* Fence;  
And, without or wound, or tearre,  
Turnes to Peace, a lawlesse Warre.

But, to those whose baler fires,  
Breath out smoake of such desires,  
As may dim with unpure streames,  
Any part of *Beauties* beames.  
She will daigne no milder way,  
Those foule burnings to allay;  
Save, with such extreme neglect,  
As shall work her wisht effect.

And,

## OF PHILARETE.

And, to use so sharpe a cure,  
Shee's not oft constrained, sure.  
Cause, upon her forehead, still  
*Goodnesse* sits, so fear'd of ill:  
That the scorne, and high disdaines,  
Wherewithall she entertaines  
Those loth'd glaunces; giveth ending,  
To such flaming in the tynding :  
That their cooled Hopes, needs must  
Freeze Desires, in heat of *Lust*.

Tis a power that never lies,  
In the fairest immodest eyes,  
*Wantons*, tis not your sweet eyings,  
Forced Passions, fained Dyings,  
Gestures, temptings, Teares, beguiling,  
Dancings, Singings, Kissings, Smiling;  
Nor those painted sweets, with which,  
You unwarie men bewitch :  
(All united, nor asunder)  
That can compasse such a wonder.  
Or, to win you love prevails,  
Where her moving *Virtues*, failes.

*Beauties*, tis not all those Features,  
Placed in the fairest Creatures;  
Though their best they should discover,  
That can tempt from Her, a Lover.  
Tis not, those soft-snowie Breasts,  
Where *Love* rockt in pleasure, rests;  
(And by their continuall motions,  
Draweth hearts to vaine devotions)  
Nor the *Rosie* that we sip  
From a honey-dropping Lip :  
Nor those Eyes, whence *Beauties* Lances,  
Wound the heart with wanton glances:

And,

Nor

## THE MISTRESSE

Nor, those sought *Delights*, that lye  
In *Loves* bidden treasure:  
That, can liking gaine, where she,  
Will the best beloved be.

For, should those who think they may,  
Draw my love from her away;  
Bring forth all their female Graces,  
Wrapt me in their close embraces;  
Practise all the Art they may;  
Weep, or sing, or kisse, or pray,  
And with sighs and looks come wooe me,  
When they soonest may undoe me:  
One poor thought of *Her* would arme me  
So, as *Circe* could not harme me,  
Since beside those Excellences,  
Wherewith, others please the *Senses*,  
*She*, whom I have prised so,  
Yields delights, for *Reason* to.  
Who could Dote on thing so common,  
All meer outward handsome *Woman*?  
Those halfe beauties, only winne  
Foolles, to let affection in.  
Vulger wits, from *Reason* shaken,  
Are with such impostures taken;  
And, with all their Art in Love,  
*Wantons* can but *Wantons* move.  
But, when unto those, are ioynd,  
Those things which adorne the *Mind*,  
None, their excellences see,  
But they straight enthralled be.  
Foolles, and wisemen, worst and best,  
Subiect are to Loves Arrest.  
For, when *Virtue* woos a Louer,  
*Shee*'s an unresisted moover;

## OF PHILARETE.

That will have no kind of Nay,  
And in Loue brook: no delay.

She can make the Sensuall *Wights*,  
To reſtraine their Appetites,  
And, (her beauty when they ſee)  
Spight of *Vice*, in Love to be:  
Yea (although themſelves be bad)  
Praiſe the good they never had.  
She, hath to her ſervice brought,  
Thoſe, that Her, have ſet at nought;  
And can faire enough appeare,  
To enſlame the moſt ſevere.

She, hath oft allured out,  
The religiously devout,  
From their Cloyſters, and their Vowes,  
To embrace what *She* allowes:  
And, to ſuch contentments come,  
As blind zeale had bard them from:  
While (her lawes miſ-underſtood)  
They did ill for love of Good.

Where I find true worth to be,  
Sweeteſt are their lips to me:  
And embraces tempt me to,  
More then outward *Beauties* doe.  
That my firme beliefe is this:  
If ever I doe amiſſe;  
Seeming Good, the bayt will lay,  
That to ill ſhall me betray:  
Since, where ſhewes of Goodneſſe are,  
I am oft emboldned there,  
Freedomes ſo permit and uſe,  
Which, I elſewhere do reſuſe:  
For becauſe I think they meane,  
To allow no deed uncleane.

## THE MISTRESSE

Yet, where two, love *Virtue* shall,  
Both at once, they seldome fall,  
For, when one hath thoughts of ill,  
T'other helps exile them still.

My faire *Virtues* power is this;  
And, that power the Beauty is,  
Which doth make Her here exprest,  
Equally both *Faire* and *Bliss*.

This was that consenting *Grace*,  
Which affection made me place,  
With so deare respect, that never  
Can it faile, but, last for ever.

This, a Servant made me sworne;  
Who before time, held in scorne;  
To yeeld Vassilage, or Duty,  
Though, unto the *Queen of Beauty*;  
Yet, that I her Servant am,  
It shall more be to my fame;  
Then to owne these *Woods* and *Downton*  
Or be Lord of fifty Townes.

And my *Mistresse* to be deem'd,  
Shall more honour be esteem'd;  
Then those titles to acquire,  
Which most women, most desire.  
Yea, when you a woman shall,  
*Counesse*, or a *Dutchesse* call;  
That respect it shall not move;  
Neither gaine her holl such love,  
As to say, *Loe, this is she*,  
That supposed is to be.

*Mistresse* to *PHILARETE*,  
And, that lovely Nymph, which he,  
In a Pastorall Poem fam'd,  
And *FAIR-VIRTYE*, there hath nam'd.

## OF PHILARETE.

Yes, some Ladies (renne to one)  
 If not many (now unknowne)  
 Will be very well apaid,  
 When by chance, the heares it said  
 She, that *Faire-one* is; whom I,  
 Here have prais'd concealedly.

And, though now this Ages pride,  
 My so brave a Hope deride.  
 Yet, when all their Glories passe  
 As the thing that never was;  
 (And on Monuments appeare,  
 That, they ere had breathing here)  
 Who envy it: She shall thrive  
 In her Fame. And honour'd live,  
 Whilst *Great Britaines* Shepheards, sing  
*Englsh*, in their Sonnetting.  
 And, who ere in future dayes,  
 Shall bestow the utmost praise,  
 On his *Love*; that any Man,  
 Attribute to Creature can.  
 Twill be this, that he hath dard,  
 His, and Mine to have compared.

Oh! what starres did shine on me,  
 When her Eyes I first did see?  
 And how good was their aspect,  
 When we first did both affect?  
 For, I never since to changing  
 Was enclind, or thought of ranging.

Me, so oft my *Fancy* drew,  
 Here and there, that I nere knew  
 Where to place *Desire*, before,  
 So, that range it might no more,  
 But, as he that passeth by,  
 Where in all her iollitie,

## THE MISTRESSE

*Floras* riches in a row,  
Doth in seemely order grow:  
And a thousand *Flowers* stand,  
Bending as to kisse his hand;  
Out of which delightfull store,  
One he may take; and no more.  
Long he pausing, doubteth whether,  
Of those faire ones he should gather.  
First, the *Primrose* Courts his eyes,  
Then, the *Cowslip* he espies;  
Next, the *Pansy* seemes to wooe him;  
Then, *Carnations* bow unto him;  
Which, whilst that enamour'd *Swaine*,  
From the stalke intends to straine,  
(As halfe fearing to be scene)  
Prettily her leaves betweene,  
Peepes the *Violet*: pale, to see,  
That her *Virtues* sleighted be.  
Which, so much his liking wins,  
That, to ceaze her, he begins.  
Yet, before he stoopt so low,  
He, his wanton eye did throw  
On a *Stem* that grew more high,  
And the *Rose* did there espie:  
Who, beside her pretious scent  
(To procure his eyes content)  
Did display her goodly Brest;  
Where he found at full exprest,  
All the good that *Nature* showers  
On a thousand other *Flowers*.  
Wherewith he, affected, takes it;  
His beloved Flowre he makes it.  
And, without desire of more,  
Walkes through all he saw before.



# OF PHILARETE.

So, I wandering, but erewhile,  
Through the *Garden* of this *Ile*,  
Saw rich *Beauties* (I confesse)  
And in numbers numberlesse.  
Yea, so differing lovely to,  
That, I had a world to do,  
Ere I could let up my rest,  
Where to chuse; and chuse the best.

One I saw, whose *Haire* excelled,  
On anothers *Brow* there dwelled,  
Such a *Majestic*, it seemed,  
She, was best to be esteemed:

This, had with her speeches won me,  
That, with silence had undone me.  
On her Lips the *Graces* hung;  
To her, charm'd me with her tongue.  
In her *Eyes*, a third did beare,  
That, which did anew insnare;  
Then a fourth did fairer show;  
Yet, wherein I did not know.  
Onely this perceived I,  
Somewhat pleas'd my *Fantastie*.  
Now, the *Wealsh* I most esteemed;  
Honour then, I better deemed.  
Next, the love of *Beautie* ceazd me;  
And, then *Virtue* better pleas'd me.  
*Iuno's* love I nought esteem'd,  
Whilst a *Venus* fairer seem'd.  
Nay, both could not me suffice;  
Whilst a *Pallas* was more wise.  
Though I found enough in One,  
To content, if still alone.

*Amarillis*, I did wooe;  
And I courted *Phillis* to:

# THE MISTRESSE

*Daphne*, for her love I chole;  
*Cloris* for that Damaske Rose,  
 In her Cheek, I held as deare,  
 Yea, athousandlikt. wel neere.  
 And, in love with altogether,  
 Feared the enioying either;  
 Cause, to be of one posselt,  
 Bard the hope of all the rest.

Thus I fondly far'd, till *Fate*,  
 Which (I must confesse in that  
 Did a greater favour to me,  
 Then the world can malice doe me)  
 Shew'd to me that marchlesse *Floure*,  
 Subiect for this *Song* of our.  
 Whose perfection having eyed,  
*Reason* instantly espied;  
 That, *Desire* (which rang'd abroad)  
 There, would find a *Period*.  
 And no marvell, if it might:  
 For, it there hath all delight;  
 And in her hath *Nature* placed,  
 What each severall faire one graced.

No ram I, alone delighted,  
 With those *Graces* all united;  
 Which the *Senses* eye doth finde,  
 Scattered, throughout *Womankind*.  
 But, my *Reason* finds perfections,  
 To enflame my *Soules* affections.  
 Yea, such virtues she posselleth,  
 As with firmest pleasures blesseth:  
 And keeps sound, that *Beauties* state,  
 Which would else grow ruinate.

In this *Floure* are sweets such store;  
 I shall never with for more;

Nor

## OF PHILARETE.

Nor be tempted out to stray,  
For the fairest Buds in *May*.

Let who list (for me) advance  
The admired *Flowers* of *France*,  
Let who will; praise and behold,  
The reserved *Marigold*.

Let the sweet breath't *Violet*, now,  
Vnto whom she pleaseth, bow.  
And the fairest *Lillie*, spread  
Where she will, her golden head.  
I have such a *Flowre* to weare,  
That for those I doe not care.

Never shall my *Fancie* range,  
Nor once think again of change:  
Never will I; (never more)  
Grieve, or sigh, as heretofore:  
Nor within the Lodgings lye,  
Of *Dispaire*, or *Jealousie*.

Let the young and happy Swaines,  
Playing on the *Britan* *Plaines*:  
Court unblamd, their Shepherdesse.  
And with their gold-curl'd Tresses;  
Toy uncensur'd, untill I  
Grutch at their prosperitie.

Let all *Times*, both *Present*, & *Past*,  
And the *Age* that shall be last,  
Vaunt the *Beauties* they bring forth,  
I have found in one, such worth:  
That (content) I neither care,  
What the best before me were:  
Nor desire to live, and see,  
Who shall Faire hereafter be.  
For, I know the hand of *Nature*,  
Will not make a fairer Creature,

## THE MISTRESSE

Which, because succeeding Dayes,  
Shall confesse; and adde their praise,  
In approving, what my tongue,  
Ere they had their being, sung.  
Once againe, come lend an eare,  
And, a *Rapture* you shall heare,  
(Though I tast no *Theſpian* Spring)  
Will amaze you, whilst I sing:  
I do feele new *Straines* inspiring,  
And to such brave heights aspiring,  
That my *Muse* will touch a *Key*,  
Higher then you heard to day.

I have *Beauties* to unfold,  
That deserve a Pen of Gold.  
*Sweets*, that never dream'd of were.  
Things unknowne: and such, as Eare  
Never heard a *Measure* sound;  
Since the *Sunne* first ran his Round.

When *Apelles* limb'd to life,  
Loathed *Vu'cans* lovely wife.  
With such *Beauties* he did trim,  
Each sweet Feature, and each Limbe,  
And, so curiously did place,  
Every well-becoming Grace.  
That twas said, ere he could draw  
Such a *Peace*; he naked saw  
Many women in their Prime,  
And the fairest of that Time:  
From all which he parts did take,  
Which aright disposed, make  
Perfect *Beautie*. So, when you  
Know, what I have yet to show:  
It will seeme to passe so farre,  
Those things which expressed are.

That,

# OF PHILARETES

That, you will suppose I've been  
Priviledg'd; where I have seen,  
All the Good, that's spread in parts;  
Through a thousand women's hearts.  
(With their fair'st conditions lye,  
Bare, without Hypocrisie)  
And, that I, have took from thence,  
Each dispersed Excellence.

To expresse Her, who hath gained  
More, then ever One obtained.

And yet soft, (I feare) in vaine,  
I have boasted such a Straine.

Apprehensions ever are  
Greater, then expression farre:  
And, my striving to disclose  
What I know; hath made me lose  
My Inventions better part:

And, my Hopes exceed my Art.

Speake I can; yet think I more,  
Words compar'd with Thoughts, are poor;

And I find, had I begun,  
Such a Strain; it would be done,  
When we number all the sands,

Washt o're perjur'd Goodwins lands.

For, of things, I should indite;

Which, I know, are infinite.

I do yeeld, my Thoughts did chime,

Far above the power of Ryme;

And no wonder, it is so;

Since there is no Art can show;

Red in Roses, white in Snow;

Nor expresse how they doe grow;

Yea, since Bird, Beast, Stone and Tree;

(That inferiour Creatures be)

## THE MISTRESSE

Beauties have, which we confesse,  
Lines unable to expresse,  
They more hardly can enroule,  
Those that do adorn a *Soule*.

But, suppose my *Measures* could,  
Reach the height, I thought they would.  
Now, relate, I would not tho;  
What did swell within me so.

For if I should all discerie,  
You would know as much as I:  
And those Clownes the *Muses* hate,  
Would of things above them prate.  
Or, with their prophaning eyes,  
Come to view those *Mysteries*,  
Whereof, (since they disesteem'd them)  
Heaven, hath unworthy deem'd them.

And beside; it seems to me,  
That your cares nigh tired be.  
I perceive; the fire that charmeth,  
And inspireth me, scarce warmeth  
Your chill hearts. Nay sure; were I  
Melted into *Passie*,

I should not a *Measure* hit,  
(Though *Apollo* prompted it)  
Which should able be to leave,  
That in you, which I conceive,

You are cold; and here I may  
Waste my vitall heat away,  
E're you will be moou'd so much,  
As to feele one perfect touch  
Of those *Sweets*, which yet conceal'd,  
Swell my brest, to be reveal'd.

Now, my *Words* I thetfore cease:  
That, my mounting *Thoughts* in peace,

## OF PHILARETE.

May alone, those pleasures share,  
Whereof, *Lines* unworthy are.  
And so, you an end doe see  
Of my *Song*; though long it be;

---

NO sooner had the Shepheard *Philaret*,  
To this *Description* his last period set:  
But, instantly, descending from a *VWood*,  
(*VWhich* on a rising ground, adjoining stood)  
A troupe of *Satyr*s to the view of all,  
Came dancing of a new-devised *Brall*.  
The *Measures* they did pace, by *Him*, were taught them;  
*VWho*, to so rare a gentlenesse had brought them,  
That he, had learn'd their rudenesse an observing,  
Of such respect unto the well deserving,  
As they became to no men else a reirour,  
But such, as did persist in wilfull error:  
And they, the Ladies made no whit afraid,  
Thogh since that time they some great men have feared.  
Their Dance, the *Whipping of Abuse* they nam'd;  
And, though the *Shepheard* since that, hath bin blam'd,  
Yet, now tis daily seen in every towne;  
And ther's no *Country Dance* that's better known:  
Nor, that hath gain'd a greater commendation,  
Mongst those that love an honest recreation.  
This *Scene* presenred; from a Grove was heard,  
A set of *Violets*; and, there was prepar'd  
A *Country Banquet*, which this *Shepheard* made,  
To entertaine the *Ladies* in the shade.  
And tis suppos'd, his *Song* prolonged was  
Of purpole, that it might be brought to passe,

## THE MISTRESSE

So well it was perform'd, that each one deem'd,  
The Banquet might the Citie have befeem'd.  
Yet, better was their *Welcome*, then their *Fare* :  
Which they perceived, and the merrier were.

One *Beauty* tho, there sat amongst the rest;  
That lookt as sad, as if her heart oppress'd  
With Love had been. Whom *Philaret* beholding,  
Sit so demurely, and her Armes enfolding.

*Lady* (quoth he) am I, or this poor cheer,  
The cause that you so melancholy are ?  
For, if the Object of your thoughts be higher,  
It fits nor me to know them; nor enquire.  
But if from me it cometh, that offends,  
I seek the cause that I may make amends.

Kind *Swaïn* (said she) it is nor so, nor so  
No fault in you, nor in your Cheer I know.  
Nor do I think there is a Thought in me;  
That can too worthy of your knowledge be.  
Nor have I, many a day, more pleasure had,  
Then here I find; though I have seem'd sad.

My heart is sometime heavy, when I smile;  
And when I grieve, I often sing the while.  
Nor is it sadnesse that doth me possesse,  
But, rather, musing with much seriousnesse,  
Vpon that multitude of sighs and teares;  
With those innumerable doubts and feares:  
Through which, you pass'd; ere you could acquire,  
A seek'd *Hope* of gaining your Desires  
For, you dar'd love a *Nymph*, so great, and faire;  
As might have brought a *Prince* unto *Dispaire*.  
And sure, the excellencie of your *Passions*,  
Did then produce as excellent expressions.

If therefore, Me, the sure may well become;  
And, if to you it be not wearisome :



## OF PHILARETE:

In name of all these Ladies, I entreat,  
That one of those sad strains you would repeat,  
Which you compos'd; when greatest discontent  
Sought for helpe, to your invention lent.

Faire Nymph (said Philarete) I will doe so.  
For, though your Shepherd doth no Courtship know,  
He hath humanity. And, what's in me  
To do you Service, may commanded be.

So, taking down a Lute, that neer him hung;  
He gav't his Boy, who plaid; whilst this, he sung,

---

Ah me!

---

## THE MISTRESSE

Ah me!

Am I the Swaine,  
That late from sorrow free,  
Did all the cares on earth disdain?  
And still untoucht, as at some safer Games,  
Plaid with the burning coals of Love, & Beauties flames?  
Wast I, could dive, & sound each passions secret depth at will,  
And find those huge overbalming, rise, by help of reason still?  
And am I now, oh heavens! for trying this in vaine,  
So sunke, that I shall never rise againe  
Then let Dispaire, set Sorrowes string,  
For Strains that dolefull be.  
And I will sing,  
Ah me.

But why,

Oh fatal Time!

Dost thou constrain that I,  
Should perish in my youths sweet prime?  
I, but a while agoe (you cruell Powers)  
In spite of Fortune, cropst contentments sweetest flowers.  
And yet, unscorned, serve a gentle Nymph, the fairest Shee,  
That ever was belov'd of Man, or Eyes did ever see.  
Yea, one whose tender heart, would rue for my distresse;  
Yet I, poore I; must perish nay the lesse.  
And (which much more augments my care)  
Unmoaned I must dye:  
And, no man e're,  
Know why.

# OF PHILARETE.

Thy leave

My dying Song,

Yet take, ere grieve bereave,

The breath which I enjoy too long.

Tell thou that Fair-one this; my soul prefers

Her love above my life, and that I died hers:

Hadst thou be, for evermore to her remembrance dears;

Hadst thou be the very thought of Her; whilst he remained here.

And now, farewell thou Place, of my unhappy birth;

Where once I breathed the sweetest ayre on earth.

Since me, my wonted ioyes forsake;

And all my trust deceive:

Of all, I take

My leave.

Farewell,

Sweet Groves to you:

You Hills, that highest dwell;

And all you humble Vales, adue.

You wanton Brooks, and solitary Rockes,

My deare companions all, and you, my tender flockes:

Farewell my Pipe, & all those pleasing Songs, whose moving strains

Delighted once the fairest Nymphs, that dance upon the Plains.

You Discontents (whose deep, & over-deadly smart,

Have, without pittie, broke the truest heart)

Sighs, Teares, and every sad annoy,

That erst did with me dwell,

And all others Ioy,

Farewell.

Adue

## THE MISTRESSE

A due,  
Faire Shepherdesses;  
Let Garlands of sad Yewes,  
Adorne your dainty golden Tresses.  
I, that lou'd you; and often with my Quill,  
Made musick that delighted Fountain, Grove, & Hill;  
I, whom you loved so; and with a sweet and chaste embrace,  
(Yea, with a thousand rarer favors) would vouchsafe to grace.  
I, now must leave you all alone, of Love to plaine;  
And never Pipe, nor never Sing againe.  
I must, for evermore, be gone;  
And therefore, bid I you,  
And every one,  
A due.

I dye!  
For oh, I feele  
Deaths horrors, drawing nie;  
And all this frame of Nature, reele.  
My hopelesse heart, despairing of reliefe,  
Sinks underneath the heavy weight of saddest griefe.  
Which, bath so ruellestorn, so rackt, so tortur'd every vaine;  
All comfort comes too late, to have it ever cur'd againe.  
My swimming head begins to dance Deaths giddy round.  
A shuddering chitnesse doth each sence confound;  
Benumb'd is my cold sweetening brow;  
A dimmesse shuts my eye;  
And now, oh now,  
I die.

## OF PHILARETE.

So movingly. these Lines he did expresse.

And, to a Tune so full of heaviness,  
As if indeed, his purpose had bin past,  
To live no longer then the Song did last.  
Which in the *Nymphs*, such tender passion bred.  
That some of them, did teares of pittie shed.

This, she perceiving, who first crav'd the Song,  
*shepherd* she said; although it be no wrong,  
Nor griefe to you, those passions to recall,  
Which heretofore you have been pained withall,  
But comforts rather; since they now, are over,  
And you (it seemeth) an enjoying *Lover*.  
Yet, some young *Nymphs* among us I do see,  
Who so much moued with your passions be:  
That if, my aime, I taken have aright,  
Their thoughts will hardly let them sleep to night.

I dare not therefore, beg of you againe,  
To sing another of the selfe-same *Strain*:  
For feare, it breed within them, more unrest,  
Then womens weakenesses can well digest.  
Yet, in your *Measures*, such content you have;  
That, one Song more I will presume to crave.  
And, if your Memory preserves of those,  
Which you of your Affections did compose,  
Before you saw this *Mistresse*; Let us heare  
What kind of passions then, within you were.

To which request, he instantly obaid;  
And, this ensuing Song, both sung and plaid.

*Sonnet*

# THE MISTRESSE

## Sonnet 2.

**Y**OU gentle Nymphs, that on these meadows play,  
And oft relate the loves of Shepheards young :  
Come, sit you down: for, if you please to say,  
Now may you heare an uncouth Passion sung.  
A Lad there is, and I am that poor Groom;  
That faine in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh doe not smile at sorrow as a leſt;  
With others cares good Natures mooved be :  
And, I ſhould weep, if you had my unweſt.  
Then, at my griefe, how can you merry be ?  
Ah, where is tender pittie now become?  
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

I, that have oft the rareſt features viewd,  
And Beauty in her beſt perfection ſeen:  
I, that have laughd at them that Love purſue;  
And ever free, from ſuch affections been.  
Lo now at laſt, ſo cruell is my doom;  
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

My heart is full nigh buſting with deſire,  
Yet cannot find from whence theſe longings flow :  
My breaſt doth burn, but ſhe that lights the fire,  
I never ſaw, nor can I come to know.  
So great a bliſſe my fortune keeps me from,  
That though I dearly love, I know not whom.

Ere I had twice four e Springs, renewed ſeen,  
The force of Beauty I began to prove;

And,

## OF PHILARETE.

And, ere I nine years old, bad fully been,  
It taught me how to frame a Song of Love.  
And, little thought I, this day should have come,  
Before that I to love, had found out whom.

For, on my Chin, the mossy Down you see,  
And, in my vaines, well-heated bloud doth glow :  
Of Summers, I have seen twice three times three,  
And, fast my youthfull time away doth go.  
That much I fear, I aged shall become  
And still complains; I love I know not whom.

Obl why had I a heart bestow'd on me,  
To cherish deare affections, so enclind ?  
Since, I am so unhappy born to be,  
No object, for so true a Love to find.  
When I am dead, it will be mist of some :  
Yet, now I live; I love, I know not whom:

I, to a thousand beautilous Nymphs am known,  
A hundred Ladies favours do I wear :  
I, with as many, half in love am grown;  
Yet none of them (I find) can be my Deare.  
Me thinks I have a Mistresse, yet to come,  
Which makes me sing; I love I know not whom.

There lives no Swaine doth stranger passion prove,  
For her, whom most he covets to possess;  
Then doth my heart, that being full of Love,  
Knowes not to whom it may the same professe.  
For, he that is despis'd, hath sorrow, some :  
But he hath more; that loves, and knowes not whom.

Know

## THE MISTRESSE

Knew I my Love, as many others doe,  
To some one object might my thoughts be bent :  
So, they divided shou'd not wandering goe,  
Vntill the foules united force be spent.

As his, that seeks, and never finds a Home ·  
Such is my rest; that love, and know not whom.

Those, whom the frowns of iealous friends divide,  
May live to meet, and descant on their woe :  
And he, hath gain'd a Lady for his Bride,  
That durst not wooe her Mayd, a while agoe.

But oh! what end unto my Hopes can come?  
That am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Poore Collin, grieues that he was late disdain'd :  
And Cloris doth for Willy's absence pine.  
Sad Thirsis, weeps for his sick Phæbe pain'd,  
But, all their sorrowes cannot equall mine.

A greater care alas, on me is come :  
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Narcissus-like, did I affect my shade;  
Some shadow yet, I had, to dote upon.  
Or, did I love, some Image of the dead,  
Whose substance had not breath'd long agoe;  
I might dispaire, and so an end would come;  
But, oh, I love! and cannot tell you whom.

Once in a Dreame; me thought, my Love I view'd;  
But, never waking, could her face behold :  
And doubtlesse, that resemblance was but shew'd,  
That more, my tyred heart torment it should.

For, since that time, more griev'd I am become,  
And more in love; and cannot tell with whom.

When



## OF PHILARETE.

When on my bed at night, to rest I lye,  
 My watchfull eyes, with teares bedew my cheek;  
 And then, oh would it once were day, I cry;  
 Yet when it comes, I am as far to seek.  
 For, who can tell, though all the earth be rone;  
 Or when, or where, to find he knowes not whom?

Obl if she be among the beauntious traines,  
 Of all you Nymphs, that haunt the silver Rills;  
 Or, if you know her, Ladies of the Plaines,  
 Or you, that have your Bowers, on the Hills.  
 Tell if you can, who will my love become:  
 Or I shall dye, and never know for whom.

THE Ladies smiled oft, when this they heard,  
 Because the Passion strange to them appeard.  
 And stranger was it; since, by his expression,  
 (As well by his own unfain'd confession)  
 It seem'd true. But, having sung it out:  
 And seeing, scarcely manners, they it thought  
 To urge him farther, Thus to them he spakes  
 Faire Ladies: for as much as doubt you make  
 To re-command me: Of mine own accord,  
 Another Strain, I freely will afford.

It shall not be of Love, nor any Song,  
 Which to the praise of Beauty doth belong.  
 But, that hereafter, when you hence are gone,  
 Your Shepheard may be sometime thought upon.  
 To shew you also, what content the Field,  
 And lovely Grove, to honest minds may yeeld.  
 That you my humble Fate, may not despise;  
 When you return unto your braverics,

And

## THE MISTRESSE

And not suppose, that in these homely Bowers,  
I hug my Fortune, cause I know not yours.  
Such Lines Ile sing, as were compos'd by me,  
When some proud Courtiers where I hapt to be,  
Did (like themselves) of their own glories prate;  
As in contempt, of my more happy state.  
And these they be. —————

---

Sonnet

---

# OF PHILARETE.

## Sonnet.

Lordly Gallants, tell me this,  
(Though my safe content you weigh not)  
In your Greatnesse what one blisse,  
Have you gain'd, that I enjoy not?  
You have Honours, you have Wealth,  
I have Peace, and I have Health:  
All the day, I merry make,  
And, at night, no care I take.

Bound to none my Fortunes be;  
This, or that mans fall, I fear not.  
Him I love, that loveth me;  
For the rest, a pin I care not.  
You are sad, when others chafe,  
And grow merry as they laugh;  
I, that hate it, and am free,  
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

You may boast of favours shewne,  
Where your service is applied:  
But, my pleasures are mine own,  
And to no mans humours tyed,  
You oft flatter, sooth and faine,  
I, such basenesse do disdain:  
And to none, be slave I would,  
Though my fetters might be gold.

## THE MISTRESSE

By great Titles, some bilerve,  
Highest honours are attained;  
And yet Kings have power to give,  
To their Fools, what these have gained,  
Where they favour, there they may,  
All their Names of Honour lay:  
But, I look not, rais'd to be:  
Till mine own wing carry me.

Seeke to raise your Titles higher.  
They are Toyes not worth my sorrow:  
Those that we to day admire,  
Prove the Ages scorn to morrow.  
Take your Honors, let me find,  
Virtue, in a free-born mind:  
This, the greatest Kings that be,  
Cannot give, nor take from me.

Though I vainly do not vaunt,  
Large demesnes, to feed my pleasure:  
I have favours where you want,  
That would buy respect with treasure:  
You have lands (as here, and there;  
But my wealth is everywhere:  
And, this, addeth to my store:  
Fortune cannot make me poor.

Say, you purchase with your pelfe,  
Some respect, where you importune.  
Those may love me for myself,  
That regard you for your Fortune.  
Rich, or born of high degree,  
Fools, as well as you may be:  
But, that Peace, in which I live,  
No dissent, nor wealth can give.

## OF PHILARETE

If you boast, that you may gain.  
The respect of high-born Beauties:  
Know, I newer wood in vain,  
Nor preferred scorned Duties.

She I love, hath all delight;  
Rose-red, with Lillie white:  
And, who ere your Mistress be,  
Flesh and bloud as good as She:

Note, of Me, was never took,  
For my Woman-like perfections:  
But, so like a man, I looke,  
It hath gaind me best Affections.

For my love, as many Showers  
Have been wept, as have for yours.  
And, yet none doth me condemn  
For Abuse, or scorning them.

Though of Dainties you have store,  
To delight a choyser Pallat:  
Yet your taste is pleas'd no more,  
Then is mine in one poor Sallat.

You to please your senses, feed;  
But, I eat, good bloud to breed.  
And am most delighted than,  
When I spend it like a man.

Though you Lord it over me,  
You in vain thereof have braved:  
For, those Lusty my servants be,  
Wherunto your minds are slaved.

To your selves you wise appear:  
But alas, deceiv'd you are.  
You do foolish me esteeme,  
And are that, which I do seem.

## THE MISTRESSE

When your faults I open lay,  
You are mov'd, and mad with vexing;  
But, you ne're could do or say,  
Ought to drive me to perplexing,  
Therefore my dispis'd power  
Greater is, by far then your.  
And, what e're you think of me,  
In your minds, you power be.

You are pleased, more or lesse,  
As men well or ill report you;  
And, shew discontentednesse,  
When the Times forbear to court you.  
That, in which my pleasures be,  
No man can divide from me.  
And, my Care, it adds not to  
What-so others say, or do.

Be not proud, because you view,  
You by thousands are attended:  
For alas, it is not You,  
But your Fortune, that's befriended.  
Where I show of love have got,  
Such a danger feare I not:  
Since, they naught can seek of me;  
But, for love, belov'd to be.

When your hearts have every thing,  
You are pleasantly disposed:  
But, I can both laugh and sing.  
Though my Foes have me inclosed.  
Yea, when dangers me do becomm,  
I delight in scorning them,  
More then you, in your renown;  
Or a King can in his Crown.

## OF PHILARETE.

You do bravely domineere.  
Whilst the Sun upon you shineth.  
Yet, if any storm appear,  
Basely then, your mind declineth.  
But, or shine, or rain, or blow,  
I, my Resolutions know.  
Living, Dying, Thrall, or Free,  
At one height my Mind shall be.

When in thralldome I have lain,  
Me, not worth your thought you priz'd.  
But, your molice was in vaine,  
For, your fauours I despis'd.  
And, how ere you value me,  
I, wi<sup>th</sup> praise, shall thought on be;  
Whilst the world esteems you not,  
And your Names shall be forgot.

In these thoughts my riches are,  
Now, though poor or mean you deem me;  
I am pleas'd, and do not care,  
How the Times or you esteem me.  
For, those Toyes that make you gay,  
Are but Play games for a day.  
And, when Nature craves her due;  
I, as brave shall be, as you.

---

Here Philarete did give his Song an ending,  
To which the Nymphs so seriously attending,  
About him sat; as if they had supposed,  
He still had somewhat more to be disclosed.  
And, well they knew nor; whether did belong,  
Most praise unto the Shepheard, or his Song.

## THE MISTRESSE

For, though (they must confesse) they often heare,  
 Those *Lays*, which much more deeply learned are:  
 Yet, when they well considered of the *Place*,  
 With how unlikely (in their thought) it was,  
 To give them hope of hearing such a *Straine*;  
 Or; that so young, and so obscure a *Swaine*,  
 Should, such a matchlesse *Beauties* favour get,  
 And know her worth so well, to sing of it.  
 They wondred at it. And some thus surmiz'd,  
 That *He* a greater man was, so disguis'd:  
 Or else, that *She*, whom he so much had prais'd,  
 Some *Goddesse* was: that thole his *Measures* rais'd,  
 Of purpose, to that rare-attained height,  
 In *Envi's* and presuming *Art's* despight.

But, whilst they musing, with themselves bethought,  
 Which way, out of this *Shepherd* to have wrought,  
 What *Nymph* this *Fair-one* was; and wher she liv'd,  
 Loe, at that very instant there arriv'd  
 Three men, that by their *Habits*, *Courtiers* seem'd:  
 For (though obscure) by some he is esteem'd,  
 Among the greatest: who do not contemne  
 In his retyred walkes, to visit him.  
 And there they tast those pleasures of the mind,  
 Which they, can not in *Court* nor *Citie* find. (him,  
 Some newes or message, these new guests had brought  
 And, to make haste away (it seems) besought him.  
 For, instantly he rose. And that his nurture,  
 Might not be tax'd by a rude departure,  
 Himselfe excusing, he those *Nymphs* did pray:  
 His noble friends might bring them on their way:  
 Who, as it seems (he said) were therefore come;  
 That they might wait upon them to their home.  
 So, with their favour, he departed thence:  
 And (as they thought) to meet her *Excellence*,



## OF PHILARETE.

Of whom he sung. Yet many deem that this,  
But an Idea of a MISTRESSE is,  
Because to none, he yet had dauid the telling,  
Her proper Name, nor shown her place of Dwelling.

When he was gone, a Lady from among  
Those Nymphs, took up his Lute, and sung this Song:

### The Nymphs Song.

Gentle Swaine, good Speed befall thee;  
And in Love still prosper thou.  
Future Times shall happy call thee,  
Though, thou tye neglected now.  
Virtues Lovers, shall commend thee,  
And perpetuall Fame attend thee.

Happy are those woody Mountains,  
In whose shadows thou dost bide:  
And as happy are those Fountains,  
By whose murmurs thou dost bide.  
For, Contents are here excellling,  
More, then in a Princes dwelling.

These thy flocks do cloathing bring thee,  
And thy food out of the Fields:  
Pretty Songs the Birds do sing thee;  
Sweet perfumes the Meadow yields:  
And, what more is worth the seeing?  
Heaven and earth thy prospect bring?

## THE MISTRESSE

None comes hither who denies thee,  
Thy contentments (for dispaire)  
Neither any that envies thee,  
That, wherein thou dost delight.  
But, all happy things are meant thee:  
And what ever may content thee.

Thy Affection, Reason measures;  
And distempers none it feeds:  
Still, so harmlesse are my pleasures,  
That no others griefe it breeds.  
And, if night beget thee sorrow,  
Seldome stays it, till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly  
Seek contentment in their store?  
Since they may perceive so plainly,  
Thou art rich in being poor?  
And that they are vext about it;  
Whilst thou merry art without it.

Why are idle brains devising,  
How high Titles may be gain'd?  
Since by those poor toys despising,  
Thou hast higher things obtain'd?  
For the man who scorns to crave them,  
Greater is, then they that have them.

If all men could tast that sweetnesse,  
Thou dost in my meanesse know;  
Kings wou'd be to seek, where Greatnesse,  
And their honours to bestow  
For, if such content would breed them,  
As they would not think they need them.

And

# OF PHILARETES

And, if those whose high aspiring  
To the Court-preferment's bar,  
Knew how worthy the desiring,  
Those things are, enjoyed by thee.  
Wealth and Titles, would be as thy;  
Subjects be, for scorn and laughter.

All that Courtly files affected,  
Should a May-Lords honour have,  
He that heaps of wealth collected,  
Shou'd be counted as a slave.  
And the man with few'st things contented,  
With the Noblest should be numbered.

Thou their folly hast discerned,  
That neglect thy mind and thee;  
And to slight them, thou hast learned,  
Of what Title e're they be.  
That, no more with thee obtaineth,  
Then with them, thy meannes gambeth.

All their Riches, Honours, Pleasures,  
Poor unworthy trifles seem;  
(If compared with thy Treasures)  
And, do merit no esteem.  
For, thy true contents provide thee;  
And from them can none divide thee.

Whether thrall'd, or exil'd;  
Wh.ther poor or rich thou be :  
Whether praised or revil'd;  
Not a rash it is to thee.  
This, nor that, thy rest doth win thee;  
But, the mind, which is within thee.

## THE MISTRESSE

Then, oh why, so madly doe we,  
On those things, that us ore-lode?  
Why, no more their vaineesse note we;  
But still make of them a God?  
For alas! they still deceive us;  
And, in greatest need they leave us.

Therefore haue the Fates provided,  
Well (thou happy Swaine) for thee,  
That mayst here so far diuided,  
From the worlds distractions bee  
Thee, distemper let them neuer,  
But, in peace continue euer.

In these lovely Groves, inioy thou,  
That contentment here begun:  
And, thy hours so pleasantly employ thou,  
Till the latest glasse be run.  
From a Fortune so assured:  
By no tempting be assured.

Much good doo't them with thee compare,  
Who in Courts of Princes dwell.  
We haue read in Antique Stories,  
How some rose, and how they fell.  
And 'tis worthy well to beeding,  
Ther's like End, wher stills proceeding.

Be thou, still, in thy affection,  
To thy Noble Mistresse true:  
Let her (never matcht) perfection,  
Be the same, unto thy view,  
And let neuer other Be true,  
Make thee faile, in love, or due.

## OF PHILARETE.

For, if thou shalt not estranged  
From thy Course professed, be:  
But remain for aye unchanged;  
No thing shall have power on thee.  
Those that sleight thee now, shall love thee,  
And, in spite of spite approve thee.

So those Virtues now neglected,  
To be more esteem'd, will come:  
Yea, those Toys so much affected,  
Many shall be wooed from.  
And, the golden Age (deplord)  
Shall, by some, be thought restored.

---

Thus sang the Nymph: so rarely well inspired,  
That all the hearers, her brave Strains admired.  
And, as I heard, by some that there attended,  
When this her Song was finisht, all was ended.

## THE MISTRESSE

### A Postscript.

**I**F any carpe, for that my yonger Times,  
Brought forth such idle fruit, as these slight *Rimes*,  
It is no matter; so they do not sweare,  
That they, so ill imployed, never were.  
Whilst their *Desires* (perhaps) they looser spend;  
I gave my years of youth, this better vent.  
And, oft by writing thus, the bloud have tam'd;  
Which some, with reading wanton *Leyes* enflam'd.  
Nor care I, though their censure some have past,  
Because my *Songs* exceed the *Fidlers* Last.  
For, do they think, that I will make my *Measures*,  
The longer, or the shorter, for their pleasures?  
Or mayna, or Curtolize my free Invention;  
Because, Fooles weary are, of their attention,  
No; let them know, who do their length contemn,  
I make to please my selfe, and not for them.

*A Miscelany of Epigrams, Sonnets,  
Epitaphs, & such other Verles, as were  
found written, with the Poemes,  
oforegoing.*

*Of the Invention of the nine Muses.*

**T**He Acts of Ages past, doth *Clio* write,  
The Tragedies, *Melpomenes* delight,  
*Thalia*, is with Comedies contented.  
*Euterpe*, first the Shepheards Pipe invented.  
*Terpsichore*, doth Song, and Lute apply,  
Dancing *Erato* found Geometry.  
*Calliope*, on loving Verles dwells,  
The secrets of the Starres, *Phaenicia* tells.  
*Dolymnia*, with choyce words, the speech doth trim,  
And great *Apollo* shares with all of them.  
Those thrice three *Feminines*, we *Muses* call;  
But that one *Masculine* is worth them all.

---

*Of the Labours of Hercules.*

**F**irst, he the strong *Nemean* Lyon slew:  
The many-headed *Hydra* next ore-threw.  
The *Eremanthian* Bore he thirdly foyles:  
Then of his golden Hornes the Staggs he spoyles,  
The foule *Symphalian* Birds he fifthly frayd:  
Next, he the *Queen of Amazons* ore-swaid.  
Then cleft *Agas* Scalls, with flesh so full:  
And eightly, tamed the untamed Bull.

He

He new proud ~~Monarchs~~ with his Horses.  
From triple ~~Gates~~ his rich Heard he forces.  
He new the ~~Dragon~~ for the fruit of gold.  
And made black ~~Termin~~ the day behold.  
These were his twelve ~~flour~~ labours. And they say,  
With fifty Virgins in one night he lay.  
If true it be, it is thought he laboured more  
In that one act, then in the twelve before.

*Being left by a Gentleman in his Dining-  
rooms, where was nothing but a Map of England  
to entertain him, he thus turned it into Verse.*

**F**Aire England in the bosome of the Seas,  
Amid her two and sixtie Provinces,  
Sits like a glorious Emperesse; whose rich Throne,  
Great Nymphs of honour come to wayt upon.  
First, in the height of bravery appears  
Kent, East and South, and Middle-Saxons Shires:  
Next Surry, Barkshire, and Southampton get,  
With Dorset, Wilton, and rich Somerset.  
Then Devon, with the Cornish Promontory:  
Gloster and Worster, faire Sabrinas glory.  
Then Salope, Suffolke, Northfolke large and faire,  
Oxford and Cambridge, that thrice learned pair.  
Then Lincoln, Darby, Yorkshire, Nottingham,  
Northampton, Warwick, Stafford, Buckingham,  
Chester and Lancashire (with Heards well Rode)  
Huntingdon, Hartford, Rutland, Hereford,  
Then Princely Dorshire, Boufords, Lifford, and  
Northumber, Cumber, and cold Westmerland.

Brave



Brave English shires; with whom lov'd equally  
 Welch *Mummonsb, Radnor, and Mountgomery*:  
 Adde all the glory (so her Train) they can:  
 So doth *Glamorgan, Brecknock, Cardigan,*  
*Caernarvan, Denbigh, Merioneth-shire,*  
 With *Anglesey* (which ore the sea doth reare  
 Her lofty head. And with the first, though last,  
*Flint, Pembroke, and Carmarthen* might be plac'd.  
 For all of these (unto their power) maintain  
 Their Mistress *England* with a royall Train.  
 Yea, for *Supporters* at each hand, hath she,  
 The *Wight* and *Man*, that two brave Ilands be.  
 From these, I to the *Scottish Nymphs* had iorny'd,  
 But that my friend was back again returned,  
 Who having kindly brought me to his home,  
 Alone did leave me in his *Dining-Rome*:  
 Where I was fain (and glad I had the hap)  
 To beg an entertainment of his Map.

*An Epitaph upon the Right Vertuous  
 Lady, the Lady Scot.*

L E t none suppose the Relique of the *Iust*,  
 Was here wrapt up, to perish in the dust.  
 No, like best *Fruits*, her time she fully Good:  
 Then being grown in *Faith*, and ripe in *Good*;  
 (With stedfast hope, that she another day,  
 Should rise with *Christ*) with *Death* here down she lay.  
 And, that each part, which *Her* in life had grac't,  
 Preserv'd might be, and meet again at last:  
 The *Poor*, the *World*, the *Heavens*, and the *Grave*:  
 Her *Almes*, her *Praise*, her *Soule*, her *Body* have,

*An Epitaph upon a Woman and her child,  
buried together in the same Grave.*

**B**eneath this Marble Stone doth lye,  
The Subiect of Deaths Tyranny.  
A Mother: who in this close Tombe,  
Sleeps with the issue of her wombe.  
Though cruelly enclinde was he;  
And with the fruit shook down the Tree.  
Yet was his cruelty in vaine,  
For, Tree, and Fruit, shall spring againe.

*A Christmas Carrol.*

**S**O, now is come our ioyfull Feast;  
Let every man be iolly.  
Each Room, with Iuie leaves is dress,  
And every Post with Holly.  
Though some Churls at our mirth repine,  
Round your for beads, Garlands twine, |  
Drown sorrow in a Cup of Wine.  
And let us all be merry.

**N**ow, all our neighbours Chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their Ovens, they with bake-meats choke,  
And all their Spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lye:  
And, if for cold it hap to dye,  
Wee'le bury't in a Christmas Pye:  
And evermore be merry,

*Now,*

*child,*  
Now, every Lad is wondrous trim,  
And no man minds his labour.  
Our Lasses have provided them,  
A Bag pipe, and a Tabor.  
Young men, and Mayds, and Girles and Boyes,  
Give life, to one anothers Ioyes :  
And, you anow shall by their noyse,  
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank Misers now, do sparing shun :  
Their Hall of Musick soundeth :  
And, Dogs, thence with whols shoulders run,  
So, all things there aboundeth.  
The Country folk, themselves advance;  
For Crowdy-Mutton's come out of France :  
And lack shall pipe, and lyl shall dance,  
And all the Town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetcht his Bands from pawes,  
And all his best Apparell.  
Brisk Nell hath bought a Ruffe of Laven,  
With dropping of the Barrell.  
And those that hardly all the yeare  
Had Bread to eat, or Rags to weare,  
Will have both clothes and dainty fare :  
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the Iustices,  
With Capons make their arrants,  
And if they hap to fail of these,  
They plague them with their Warrants.  
But now they feed them with good cheer,  
And what they want, they take in Beer :  
For Christmas comes but once a yeer:  
And then they shall be merry.

Good

Good Farmours in the Country, nurse  
The poor, that else were undone.  
Some Land Lords spend their money worse,  
On Lust, and Pride at London.

There the Roysters they do play,  
Drab and Dice their Lands away,  
Which may be ours another day:  
And therefore lets be merry.

The Chyent now his suit forbears,  
The Prisoners heart is eased.  
The Debtor drinks away his cares,  
And, for the time is pleased.

Though others Purfes be more fat,  
Why should we pine or grieve at that?  
Hang sorrow, care will kill a Cat.  
And therefore lets be merry.

Hark how the Wagges abroad do call  
Each other forth to rambling.

Anon, youle see them in the Hall,  
For Nuts and Apples scrambling.

Hark how the Roofs with blaughters sound!  
Anon they'l think the house goes round:  
For, they the Sellars depth have found  
And, there they will be merry.

The Wenches with their Wassell-Bowles,  
About the streets are singing:

The Boyes are come to catch the Owles,  
The Wild mare in is bringing.

Our Kirchin Boy hath broke his Boxe,  
And, to the thealing of the Oxe,  
Our bonest neighbours come by flocke,  
And here, they will be merry.

Now Kings and Queens, poor sheep coats have,  
And mate with every body:

The honest now may play the knave,  
And wise men play at Noddy.

Some Touches will now a Mummeling go;  
Some others play at Rowland hoe,  
And, twenty other Gamieboys moe:  
Because they will be merry.

Then whether we in these merry daies,  
Should we I pray be duller?

No; let us sing some Roundclayes,  
To make our mirth the fuller.

And, whilst thus inspired we sing,  
Let all the streets with echoes ring:  
Woods, and Hills, and every thing,  
Bear witnesse we are merry:

*An Epitaph upon the Porter of a  
Prison.*

Here lye the bones of him that was of late,  
A ~~Charlton~~ Porter of a Prison gate.  
Death many an evening at his lodging knockt,  
But could not take him; for the dore was lockt:  
Yet at a Taverne late one night he found him,  
And getting him, into the seller, drown'd him  
Ou which, the world (that still the worst is thinking)  
Reports abroad, that he was kill'd with drinking:  
Yet let no Prisoner, whether Thiefe or Debtor  
Reioyce, as if his fortune were the better;  
Their sorrows likely to be nere the shorter,  
The Warden lives, though death hath took the Porter.

*A Sonnet upon a stolne Kisse.*

**N**OW gentle sleep, hath closed up those eyes,  
Which waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe:  
And free access unto that sweet lip, lies,  
From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.  
Me thinks no wrong it were, if I should steale  
From these two melting Rubies, one poor kisse:  
None sees the theft, that would the thiefe reveale,  
Nor rob I her of ought, which she can misse:  
Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,  
There would be little signe I had done so:  
Why then should I this robbery delay?  
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow,  
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,  
And twenty hundred thousand more for lone!

*An Epitaph upon Abram Good-fellow,  
a common Alehouse-hunter.*

**B**Eware, thou look not who here under lies,  
Vnlesse thou long to weep away thine eyes.  
This man (as sorrowfull report doth tell us)  
Was, when he liv'd, the Prince of all Good fellows.  
That day he died, it cannot be believ'd,  
How out of reason all the Alewives griev'd,  
And what abominable lamentation  
They made at Black-Bey, and at Salutation:  
They howlede and cride, and euer more among,  
This was the burthen of their wofull Song:  
Well, go thy waies, thy like hath never been;  
Nor shall thy match again be ever seen:  
For,

For out of doubt, now thou art dead and gone,  
Ther's many a Tap-house will be quite undone,  
And Death by taking thee, did them more skath,  
Then yet the Ale-house proiect done them hath.

Loe, such a one but yesterday was he,  
But now he much is alterd you do see.  
Since he came hither, he hath left his ryot,  
Yea, changed both his company and dyet,  
And now so civill lyes; that to your thinking,  
He neither for an Ale-house cares, nor drinking.

*An Epitaph upon a Gentlewoman, who  
had fore-sold the time of her death.*

HER, who beneath this stone, consuming lyes,  
For many Virtues we might memorize.  
But, most of all, the praise deserveth she,  
In making of her *Words* and *Deeds* agree.  
For, she so truly kept the *Word* she spake,  
As that with Death, she promise would not breake,  
I shall (quoth she) be dead; before the mid  
Of such a Month. And, as she said, she did.

*An Epitaph on a Childe, Sonne to Sir  
W. H. Knight.*

HERE lyes within a Cabinet of stone,  
The deare remainder of a *Pretty one*.  
Who did in wir, his yeares so farre out-passe,  
His Parents wonder, and their ioy he was.  
And, by his face, you might have deemed him,  
To be on earth some heavenly *Cherubim*.  
Sixe yeers with life he labour'd. Then deceast,  
To keep the *Sabbath* of eternall rest.

So,

So; that which many thousand able men,  
Are lab'ring for, till threescore yeers and ten.  
This blessed Child attained to, ere seaven;  
And, now enjoyes it with the Saints in Heaven.

---

*A Song.*

**N**OW Young-man, thy daies and thy glories appear,  
Like Sun-shine and blossoms in Spring of the year.  
Thy vigour of body, thy spirits, thy wit,  
Are perfect and sound, and untroubled yet.  
Now then, oh now then, if safety thou love,  
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

Misspend not a morning, so excellent cleare,  
Never (for ever) was happinesse here.  
Thy noon-tide of life hath but little delight,  
And sorrows on sorrows will follow at night.  
Now then, oh now then, if safety thou love,  
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

That Strength and those Beauties that grace thee to day,  
To morrow may perish and vanish away.  
Thy Wealth, or thy Pleasures, or Friends that now be,  
May waste or deceive, or be traytors to thee.  
Now then, oh now then, &c.  
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

Thy ioynts are yet nimble, thy sinews unslack,  
And marrow unwasted, doth strengthen thy back.  
Thy youth from diseases preserveth the brain;  
And blood with free passage, plumps eu'ry vein.  
Now then, oh now then, &c.



But (trust me) it will not for ever be so;  
Those Armes that are mighty, shall feebler grow.  
And, those Legs, so proudly supporting thee, now,  
With Age or Diseases, will stagger and bow.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Then, all those rare Features, now gracefull in thee;  
Shall (plough'd with Times furrows) quite ruined be.  
And they who admired, and lov'd thee so much,  
Shall loath, or forget thou hadst ever bin such.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those tresses of Haire, which thy youth do adorn,  
Will look like the Meads in a Wintery morn.  
And, where red and white intermixed did grow,  
Dull palenessse, a deadly complexion will shew.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

That Forhead imperious, whereon we now view,  
A smoothnesse and whitenesse enameld with dew;  
Will lose that perfection, which youth now maintains,  
And change it for hollownesse, wrinkles, and stains.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those Eares, thou with Musick didst oft entertain,  
And charm with so many a delicate strain,  
May misse of those pleasures, where with they are fed,  
And neuer hear Song more, when youth is once fled.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those Eyes, which so many, so much did admire,  
And with strange affections set thousands on fire:  
Shut up in that darknesse, which age will constrain,  
Shall never see mortall; no, never again.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those

Those Lips, wheron Beaury, so fully discloses,  
The colour and sweetnesse of Rubies and Roses;  
In stead of that hue, will gaslinesse weare,  
And none shall beleue, what perfection was there,  
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Thy Teeth that stood firmly, like Pearles in a row,  
Shall rotten, and scattered disorderly grow:  
The Mouth, whose proportion earths-wonder was thought,  
Shal rob'd of that sweetnesse, be prized at nought:  
Now then, oh now then, &c.

That Gate, and those Gestures, that win thee such grace,  
Will turne to a feeble and staggering pace.  
And thou, that or'e mountains ranst nimbly to day,  
Shalt stumble at every rub in the way.  
Now then, oh now then, &c.

By these imperfections, old age will prevaile,  
Thy marrow, thy sinewes, and spirits will faile.  
And nothing is left thee, when those are once spent,  
To gine or thy self; or another, content.,  
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those Fancies that lull thee, with Dreames of delights,  
Will trouble thy quiet, the comfortlesse night.  
And thou, that now sleepest thy troubles away,  
Shalt hear, how each Cockrell gives warning of day.  
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Then, Thou, that art yet to thousands so dear,  
Of all shall despis'd, or neglected appear.  
Which, when thou perceiv'st (though now pleasant it be)  
Thy life will be grievous and loathsome to thee.  
Now then, oh now then, &c.

That

That lust which thy youth can so hardly forgoe,  
Will leave thee; and leave thee, repentance and woe.  
And then in thy folly no joy thou canst have,  
Nor hope other rest, then a comfortlesse grave.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

For, next shall thy Breath be quite taken away,  
Thy flesh turn'd to dust, and that dust turn'd to clay:  
And those thou hast loved, and share of thy store,  
Shall leave thee, forget thee, and mind thee no more.

Now then, oh now then, &c.

And yet, if in time thou remember not this,  
The slenderest part of thy sorrow it is:  
Thy soule to a torture, more fearful shall wind,  
Haib ever, and ever, and never an end.

Now then, oh, now then, if safety thou love,  
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

### A Dreame:

When bright Phœbus at his rest,  
Was repos'd in the West,  
And the cheerfull day light gone,  
Drew unwelcome darknesse on;  
Night, her blacknesse, wrapt about me,  
And within, 'twas as without me.

Therefore, on my tumbled bed,  
Down I laid my troubled head:  
Where, mine eyes inur'd to care,  
Seldome us'd to slumbring were.  
Yet, ere tyr'd of late, with weeping,  
Then, by chance, they fell a sleeping.

But,

But, such Visions me diseas'd,  
As in vain, that sleep I ceas'd:  
For, I sleeping Fancies had,  
Which, yet waking, make me sad.  
Some can sleep away their sorrow;  
But, mine doubles every morrow.

Walking to a pleasant Grove,  
(Where I us'd to think of Love)  
I, me thought a place did view,  
Wherein Flora's riches grew.  
Primrose, Hyacinth, and Lillies,  
Cowslips, Violets, Daffodillies.

There, a Fountain, close beside,  
I, a matchlesse Beauty spide.  
So she lay, as if she slept:  
But, much grief, her waking kept.  
And, she had no softer pillow,  
Then the hard root of a Willow.

Down her Cheeks, her tears did flow,  
(Which a griev'd heart did show)  
Her fair eyes, the earth beholding,  
And, her arms, themselves enfolding;  
She, her passion to betoken,  
Sigh'd, as if her heart were coken.

So much grief, me thought beshev'd,  
That my sorrow it renew'd:  
But, when neerer her I went,  
It increas'd my discontent.  
For, a gentle Nymph she proved,  
Who, me (long unknown) had lov'd.

Streight, on me she fixt her look;  
Which, a deep impression took.  
And, of all that live (quoth she)  
Thou art welcomnest to me.

Then (mislaubing to be blamed)  
Thus, she spake, as halfe aslonned.

Thee, unknown, I long affected,  
And, as long, in vaine expected.  
For, I had a hopefull thought,  
Thou wouldst crave, what others sought;  
And I, for thy sake, have stayd,  
Many wanton Springs, a Maid.

Still, when any wooed me,  
They renewd, the thought of thee:  
And, in hope thou wouldst have tri'd  
Their Affections, I denide.

But, a Lover, forc't upon me,  
By my friends, hath now undone me.

What, I waking dar'd not show,  
In a Dreame, thou now dost know:  
But, to better my estate,  
Now, alas, it is too late.

And, I both awake, and sleeping,  
E Now, consume my youth in weeping.

Some what then, I would have said;  
But, replying were denyd.  
For, me thought, when spake I would,  
Not a word bring forth I could.

And, as I a kisse was taking,  
That I lost so, by awaking.

At

Certing

*Certaine Verses written to his loving  
Friend, upon his departure.*

Swift Time, that will by no entreaty stay,  
Is now gone by, and summons me away.  
And, what my griefe denyes my tongue to do,  
My true affection drives my pen unto.  
Deare Heart; that day, and that sad houre is come,  
In which, thy face I must be banisht from:  
And goe to live, where (peradventure) we  
Hereafter must, for aye, divided be.

For, twixt our bodies, which now close are met,  
A thousand Hills and Vallies shall be set:  
A thousand Groves, a thousand weeping Springs,  
And many thousand other envious things,  
Which, when we are departed, keep us may,  
From comming nearer, till our dying day.  
So these our hands, which thus, each other touch,  
Shall never after this time do so much,  
Nor shall these eyes, which yet themselves delight,  
(With mutuall gazing on each other light)  
Be ever raised up again, so neare,  
To view each other in their proper spheare.  
Nor ere raig, through those their Christall orbes,  
Reade what sad passion, or poor hearts disturbs,  
Which when we think upon, we scarce contain,  
Their swelling Floud-gates; but a pearly rain  
Drops from those plenteous Springs: & forth are sent  
From those sad dungeons, where our hearts are pent,  
So many sighes; that, in our parting, now,  
A storme or Passions we must venture through.  
VWhose fury, I would stay to see ore-past  
Before I went, in spight of all my hast,

But that I view some tokens, which fore-tell,  
That by delay, the Floods will higher swell;  
And, whilst to be divided, we are loth,  
VVith some worse perill, overwhelm us both.

Oh! rather let us wisely undergoe  
A sorrow, that will daily lesser grow;  
Then venture on a pleasing mischief, which  
VVill unawares, our honest hearts bewitch:  
And bring us to such passe (at last) that we  
Shall nere perceive it, till undone we be.

I find your love; and so the same approve,  
That I shall ever love you, for that love,  
And, am so covetous of such deare pelfe,  
That, for it, I could give away my selfe.  
And yet, I rather would go pine and dye,  
For want thereof: then live till you or I,  
Should give, or take, one dram of that delight  
Which is anothers; and so, marre out-right  
Our most unstaind affection: which, hath yet  
No inclination unto ill, in it.

Nay (though it more unsufferable were)  
I would, ev'n that iust liberty forbear,  
Which honest friendship is allow'd to take:  
If I perceiv'd, it me unspe did make,  
To master my affections, or to goe  
On those affaires, that Reason calls me to.

Those Parents that discreet in loving be,  
When on their new-born child a Wen they see,  
Which may (perchance) in aftertime, disgrace  
The sweet proportion of a lovely face:  
(Although it wound their soules to heare the mone,  
And see the tortures of their pretty-one)  
To weep a little rather are content,  
Whilst he endures the Surgeons Instrument;

Then suffer that foule blemish there, to spread;  
Vnill his face be quite disfigured.

So, we betwixt whose soules, there is begot  
That sweet Babe, Friendship; must beware, no spot  
Through our indulgent indiscretion grow,  
That may the beauty of our love ore-throw:  
Let's rather beare a little discontent;  
And learne of Reason, those things to prevent  
Which marre affection. That our friendship may  
VVaxe firmer, and more lovely ev'ry Day.

There is, indeed, to gentle hearts, no smarting,  
That is more torment to them, then departing  
From those they love. And doubtlesse, if that we  
VVere so united, as the married be;  
Our bodies at our parture, would be so,  
As if each of them did a soule forgoe.

But, in our flesh; we are, and must remaine  
Perpetuall strangers. and our selves conraine  
From that embrace, which marriage love allowes:  
Orelse, I iniure vertue; you, your vows.  
And, for a short unworthy pleasure, marre.  
Those rich contentments, which eternall are.  
Of which, I am in hope, that alwaies we  
Should in each others presence guiltlesse be.  
But in our abience (sure I am) we shall  
Not onely still be innocent of all,  
That simple folly, and that over-sight,  
To which, our many frailties tempt us might:  
But, by this meanes shall also scape the blot,  
VVherwith ill tongues our names would seek to spot.

VVhich if you teare, and would avoid the wrongs  
That may befall you by malicious tongues,  
Then seek my absence; for I have in that  
Vnto my friends, been too unfortunate;

Yet,



Yet, as I love faire *virtue*, there is no man  
Ere heard me boast the favours of a woman  
To her dishonour; neither (by my soule)  
Was I ere guilty of an Act so foule,  
As some imagine Neither do I know  
That woman yet, with whom I might be so;  
For never kindnesse to me were show'd,  
Which I dar'd think, for evill end bestow'd:  
Nor ever, to this present houre, did I  
Turne friendship, favour, opportunitie;  
(Or ought vouchsa me) thereby to acquire  
Those wicked ends which wantons do desire.  
For, whensoever lust begun to flame,  
It was extinguish't, by true love, and shame.

But, what would this my innocence prevaile;  
When your faire Name, *detraction* should assaile?  
And how abhord should I hereafter be,  
If you should suffer infamy by me?  
You feare it not one halfe so much you say,  
As you are loth I should depart away:  
And hap will will, you think to be content,  
Whilst I am here; and you still innocent.  
Indeed, those friends approve I not, which may  
By every slanderous tongue be talkt away:  
But yet, I like not him that will not strive,  
As much as in him lyeth, free to live,  
From giving iust occasions of offence:  
For, else he vainly brags of innocence.  
And so do we, unlesse, that without blame  
We purpose with our love, to keep our fame.

Then, let us pleased part; and though the dearnesse  
Of our affection, covets both a nearenesse,  
In *mynd* and *body*; let us willingly  
Beget a vertue of necessity.

And, since we must compelled be to live,  
By time and place divided; let us strive  
In the despite of time and distance, so  
That love of vertue may more perfect grow:  
And that this separation, we lament,  
May make our meeting fuller of content.

Betwixt our bodies (this I'll not deny)  
There is a deare respective sympathy;  
Which makes us mutually both joy, and grieve:  
As there is cause. And farther, I believe,  
That our contentment is imperfect, till  
They have each other in possession still:  
But, that which in us two, I Love, dare name,  
Is twixt our Soules; and such a powerfull flame,  
As nothing shall extinguish nor obscure,  
Whilst their eternall substance doth endure:  
No, not our absence; nor that mighty space,  
Betwixt my home, and your abiding place.

For, ere your eyes, my eyes had euer seen,  
When many thousand furlongs lay between,  
Our unknown bodies: And before that you  
Had scene my face, or thought the same to view,  
You most entirely loved me (you say)  
Which shewes, our soules had then found out the way,  
To know each other: And unseen of us,  
To make our bodies meet unthought of, thus

Then; much lesse now, shall hill, or dale, or grove,  
Or, that great tract of ground which must remove  
My body from you: there my soule confine,  
To keep it back from yours; or yours from mine.  
Nay, being more acquainted then they were,  
And actiue spirits, that can any where  
Within a moment meet. They to and fro,  
Will every minute to each other go.

And,

And, we shall love, with that deare love, wherein  
Will neither be offence, nor cause of sinne.

Yea, whereas carnall love, is ever colder,  
As youth decayes; and as the flesh growes older:  
And, when the body is dissolved, must  
Be buried with oblivion in the dust.

We, then shall dearer grow: and this our love,  
V Which now imperfect is, shall perfect prove.  
For, ther's no mortall power can rob true friends,  
Of that which noblest amiry attends.

Nor any separation that is able,  
To make the virtuous *Lovers* miserable.  
Since, when disasters threaten most deiection,  
Their *Goodnesse* maketh strongest their affection.  
And, that which works in others loves, deniall;  
In them, more noble makes it, by the tryall.

It is true, that when we part, we know not whether  
These bodies shall, for ever, meet together;  
As you have said Yet, wherfore should we grieve,  
Since, we a better meeting do believe?

If we did also know, that when we die,  
This love should perish everlastingly.  
And that we must as brutish creatures do,  
Lose with our bodies, all our dearnesse to:  
Our separation, then, a sorrow were,  
Which mortall heart had never power to beare.

And we should faint and die, to think upon  
The passions would be felt, when I were gone.  
But, seeing in the soule, our love is plac't;  
And (seeing) soules of death shall never tast:  
No Death can end our love. Nay, when we dye,  
Our soules (that now in chaines and fetters lye)  
Shall meet more freely, to pertake that ioy,  
Compard to which, our friendship's but a toy.

And

And, for each bitterneſſe, in this our love,  
VVe ſhall a thouſand ſweet contentments prove.  
Meane while, we, that (together living) may  
Through humane weakneſſes be led aſtray:  
(And unawares, make their affection ſoule,  
VVhich virtue, yet keeps blameleſſe in the ſoule)  
By Abſence ſhall preſerved be, as cleane,  
As to be kept (in our beſt thoughts) we meane,  
And, in our Prayers for each other, ſhall  
Give, and receive more kindneſſes, then all  
The world can yeeld us. And when other men  
VVhole love is carnall, are tormented, when  
Death calls them hence. becauſe they robbed be  
Of all their hope (for evermore) to ſee  
The obiect of their Love; we ſhall avoid  
That bitter anguiſh wherewith they are cloyd,  
And, whenſoere it happens, thou, or I,  
Shall feele the time approaching us to dye;  
It ſhall not grieve us at our laſt breath,  
To mind each other on the bed of death:  
(Becaufe of any oversight, or ſinne,  
VVherof we guilty in our ſoules have bin)  
Nor will death feare us, cauſe we ſhall perceive  
That theſe contentments, which we had not leave  
To take now we are living; ſhall be gaind  
VVhen our unprison'd ſoules ſhall be unchaind.  
Nay rather wiſh to dye, we might poſſeſſe  
The ſweet fruition of that happineſſe,  
VVhich we ſhall then receive, in the perfection  
Of Him, that is the fulneſſe of Affection;

If Time prevented not, I had in ſtore  
To comfort thee, ſo many Reaſons more,  
That thou wouldeſt leave to grieve, although we ſhould  
Each others perſons never more behold.

But,

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But, there is hope. And then, that know you may,  
True *Friends* can in their absence find the way.  
To compasse their contentments; whom they love:  
You shall ere long, the power it hath, approve.  
Meane while, you still are deare; yea, live or dyc,  
My soule shall love you everlastingly.  
And howsoere, there seem such caule of sorrow;  
Yet, those that part, and think to meet to morrow,  
*Death* may divide to night; And, as before,  
Their *Fear* was lesse, their *Griefe* will be the more.  
Since therefore, whether far I live, or nigh,  
There is in meeting an uncertainty.  
Let us, for that which surest is, provide.  
Part like those friends, whom nothing can divide;  
And, since we Lovers first became, that we,  
Might to our power each others comfort be;  
Let's not the sweetnesse of our love destroy;  
But, turne these weepings into teares of ioy.  
On which condition, I do give thee, this;  
To be both *Mine*, and *Sorrows* parting-kisse.

PHILARETE.

FINIS.

## The Stationers Postscript.

**T** Here be three or foure Songs in this Poeme  
aforegoing, which were stolen from the Au-  
thor, and heretofore impertinently imprinted in  
an imperfect and erroneous Copie, foolishly intitu-  
led His Works; which the Stationer hath there  
falsely affirmed to be Corrected and Augmented  
for his owne advantage; and without the said Au-  
thors knowledge, or respect to his credit. If ther-  
fore you have seene them formerly in those can-  
terfet impressions, let it not be offensive that you  
finde them againe in their proper places; and in  
this Poeme to which they appertaine.

Vale.

J. M.

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